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THE SLAVERY THAT IS NOT YET ABOLISHED.

ADDRESS BY REV. GILBERT HAVEN.

Delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, in Horticultural Hall, Boston, Jan. 29th, 1869.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Last week's *Advertiser*, in announcing this meeting, said it would probably be the last anniversary of this society. If that be true, perhaps my invitation here may be the usual summons sent to clergymen by persons *in extremes*. Sometimes, when they have been very indifferent to that profession in their more vigorous days, and have even been somewhat free in condemning it, when the death-sweat comes out on the forehead, and the strong man bows himself, and they that look out the windows of the tabernacles are darkened, the dying man seeks for those whose profession pertains to the coming and eternal world. The men whom God has selected and set apart for this solemn work, the cure and care of souls, in such an hour are properly invested with their true honor.

Yet more fitting would be the invitation in view of the fact that ministers presided over the christening of this Society. Having been in at the birth, they may properly be at the death. The first meeting that was assailed by a mob was a prayer-meeting. In its earliest councils appeared such men as Torrey, Phelps, Leavitt, Lovejoy, Scott, Storrs, and Channing. Not a few of its famous chiefs who have handled the church and ministry with such freedom were themselves from their ranks, trained in their schools, graduates of their seminaries, and filled with their spirit, somewhat reversed, yet not dissimilar in its nature. A clergyman said to a very profane gentleman, "You must have studied for the ministry." "I did, sir," was the reply. "I thought so; you use Scriptural language so freely. True, you get it upside down, showing that your acquaintance is somewhat rusty, but still your familiarity with it proves your earlier training." So some members of this Society, some of whom are my personal friends, have showed that they came out from us from the very fullness and freedom with which they used our vocabulary. It was in our theological schools that they heard this new cry of God. They saw that it was Biblical, Christian, divine. They sprang to the side of the sturdy Luther whose pen and tongue were smiting this heavy iniquity. They thought, as, alas, is true, that the Church did not, as a whole, hasten after them with the speed that she should have done. They therefore fell afoul (excuse the word, but it is a little too true) of their holy mother, and even went so far as to deny the very divine life she had received from God in Christ, and without which all mankind would sink into instant and eternal iniquity and perdition. The union of church and ministry with Mr. Garrison in the beginning of his career is thus proved, both from those who remained faithful to both him and the Church, and from those who separated themselves from the latter in what, I doubt not, was to them a conscientious, though to my mind a most erroneous and lamentable opinion, that they could not serve these two masters; that these two masters differed in their orders, purposes, and doctrines, and that obedience to one required disobedience to the other. Had they remained faithful to both teachers, the awakening of the Church to this great duty would have been hastened, and the dangerous loosening of the faith of society in this divinely-appointed instrument for the salvation of the world, even to the rejection of its eternal and all-vital doctrines of redemption and grace in the blood of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, would have been largely stayed, if not utterly prevented.

But I come with the more pleasure because I belong to a Conference of Ministers and Churches, that was the first organized body in this land, religious or secular, political or philanthropic, to give Mr. Garrison the right hand of fellowship, adopt his views and act up to their uttermost letter. In April, 1835, only four years after this Society was organized, the New England Conference, then comprising all the Methodist ministers and societies in Massachusetts, east of the Berkshire hills, all of Rhode Island and Connecticut, east of its river, met at Lynn. George Thompson was invited to address them. He gave a most thrilling sermon—for he was then a local preacher of the British Wesleyan Church—on the sublime text in Ezekiel: "Thou art the annointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so: thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire. By the multitude of thy merchandise they have filled the midst of thee with violence, and thou hast sinned: therefore I will cast thee as profane out of the mountain of God: and I will destroy thee, O covering cherub, from the midst of the stones of fire." The memory of that speech rings in the ears of those who heard it unto this day. Immediately after it, a meeting was called; the New England Conference Anti-Slavery Society was formed, and a Constitution was adopted demanding immediate and unconditional emancipation. The very next year this body elected abolition delegates to the General Conference to be held in Cincinnati—probably at that time the most pro-slavery city in the North, and yet far from cured of this iniquity. The column was led by a man who afterwards became famous in the history of the Church and of this reform—Orange Scott. Others, with him, have become hardly less renowned. In the battle then begun, this Conference never faltered. Holding on to the Church of Christ, battling fiercely with the demon that laid waste both our civil and ecclesiastical heritage, it carried conference after conference, controlled the General Conference, drove off the richest, largest, and socially superior section, permeated public sentiment, and co-operated unceasingly and most valiantly with this Society until the great victory was accomplished and the buying and selling of human beings ceased in this land forever. Probably by Methodist eyes, South and West, this body of ministers has been more clearly seen, and, in their hearts, its influence more potently felt for this reform than even your older and not feebler faith and service.

If therefore there is to be a funeral here to-day and a minister is to be invited to perform the obsequies, it may be no impropriety for a member of that conference, though one of its least worthy, to assist at the burial.

But I trust it is not said of you—

"Thou shalt die and not live."

It is sometimes said a man is immortal, till his work is done—a questionable saying: for many a man seems to be removed in his undeveloped dawn, without leaving an act like Warren, or a word and act like John Brown, to be a memory and a power that marks his work more effectually then his personal presence can do. Many like Lycidas die ere their prime, and leave only a private and secret force in some private and secret hearts, a fountain sealed, that makes this hidden garden green and fruitful. But whatever may be true of an individual, no good society ought to die till its work is done: no great idea can die till it is victorious and then it only dies to live forever. Is the work of this Society done? That is the question for its consideration. If you decide that it is, then announce yourself dissolved in the triumph of your principles, transfigured from a local and nominal existence to a universal and an eternal life. But if you conclude otherwise then let no newspaper proclamation of your disease, however well-intentioned, make you resign the breath that God gave you. Only He gave it, only He can recall it. Great have been your services in the work of this generation. When you were organized thirty-eight years ago, human slavery was the law of nearly every leading government in Europe and America. England had not yet abolished slavery in her colonies. France, Holland and Spain were holding out not a few of their subjects as property. Canada like Massachusetts was only a free State of a slaveholding nation, except that it enjoyed a privilege Massachusetts failed to possess—the freeing of every fugitive even of its own Imperial government from the moment he touched its shores. Yet with this local liberty her throne rested on the necks of slaves. Nearly a million of men and women were lashed and sold and slaughtered under the Red Cross of England: a cross of blood and shame and agony, upon which their Saviour hung with them in sympathy and sorrow even unto death.

Russia held nearly all her people in bondage, and every isle and continent echoed to the sighings of the captive. Slave ships sped over the Atlantic, and cast their overburdened cargoes to the shrieking waves.

The West Indies were crowded with victims, and human beings became so worthless that they were less precious than dogs.

All this is changed. The battle you have so faithfully fought is gloriously won. The ownership of man has ceased in many quarters of the globe. England has washed her hands of that blood, Russia has broken twenty millions of yokes, France has abolished this property, which if no other does, strikingly agree with Proudhaw's maxim, "Property is Robbery." The United States, the chief seat of your duty and work, is delivered from the crime. Spain holds it with a trembling hand. She has held it too long, and her possession of both it and Cuba will soon cease together. Prussia arranges for its extirpation. And Turkey—its last European hold, a hold that has continued so long only because Christianity has not been allowed to permeate and control that realm—is likely to lose, because of it, even her possession of European territories and the finest capital in the world.

If this is so, again it will be said, why not dissolve? Prospero with his wand had wrought his wonders. He had subdued the monster Caliban and his leagued robbers; a band that aptly describes our foes and their strength.

"A mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong,
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power."

"This demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one), hath plotted with them
To take my life." PROSPERO.

They had plotted to be king of the isle. But Ariel, and his allies of nature were too mighty for their gross endeavors. He had released the captured prince, had swept his realm of the evil powers, and then, he broke his wand. Not before did he dismiss his forces and retire to the privacy of a throne.

Is our Caliban subdued? Is our ill relieved of its "demi-devil" and his myrmidons? Are our captive kings and princes, brothers and kinsfolk as were those of Prospero, perfectly delivered? Are our Mirandas and their emancipated cousin Fernandos happily married? Is there no taint yet in our blood that you should try to parley? No hardness in the national heart that you should seek to melt? No blindness upon the national eye that you should try to remove?

What is yet to be done? Much.

Political liberty is not yet won. The suffrage is theirs in but few of the States. Connecticut and New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania are our slave States to-day. There the black man is in bondage to his white neighbor. There, however rich, cultivated or patriotic, though carrying an armless sleeve and rebel bullets in his living flesh, he is refused this first of the rights of freemen. There rum and vileness rule, because there men of high instincts are crushed. Not until the ballot is in every patriot's hand, should this Society cease to live. But behind this achievement, seemingly in process of attainment, another call beckons us. Chattel slavery is gone. Political slavery is in its last gasp. Social slavery yet rules rampant. It possesses the hearts of many. It is enthroned in church and State. It governs schools and lodges, fraternities and congregations, and every form in which the social element finds expression. It is said that with this we have nothing to do; that with it we can do nothing. So was it said respecting chattel slavery. One cry long and loud filled every ear: "you have nothing to do with slavery. It is a Southern, domestic institution. Hands off." But hands were not off. Muskets followed hands, bullets muskets, bayonets bullets, until three millions of men were wrestling in the midst of our land, and a half a million dying in the grapple; and not until this awful strife had lasted for four years, and the crime had perished in the terrible encounter, did we say "we have nothing to do with chattel slavery."

Instantly arose the cry against political bondage. Instantly was it met by the same countercry: "That is none of your business, suffrage belongs to the States."—"It belongs to the original voters of those States who are loyal," was the last word and fatal error of Abraham Lincoln." "It belong to the original voters of that State who acknowledge the General Government, whatever their past course," said Andrew Johnson, and fell into his constant and fatal error; for we had better die, as did Lincoln under a mistake that he would have corrected had he lived, than live as does Johnson under a persistently wicked purpose that grows with every Congressional resistance and popular rebuke.

One step farther the Republican Party went and then stopped. "We can make Legal Suffrage in the Reconstructed States," it said, "but have no power to touch it in the loyal States." Thus it spoke at Chicago falsely and meanly. It dared not tell the truth. It dared to tell a lie. The States that need Reconstruction most are north of Mason's and Dixon's Line. Connecticut should feel the National hand no less than Virginia; New York far more than Alabama.

The very party that proclaimed this falsehood at Chicago, before its leader is enthroned has to eat its own words, and already an amendment is on its passage that makes National Suffrage without distinction of color. May it soon add and of sex.

So when we hear one say, "you cannot control this social evil of caste. That must cure itself;" we hear the same old words: "Slavery cannot be touched, it must cure itself." No sin ever cures itself. The devil never heals; he always kills his victims. This sin must be assailed. If you would note how vast and mighty it is, take one instance. I choose the church, a choice perhaps you may be too ready to commend and follow. But I never saw any thing or any man that would not bear improvement. The best of things by virtue and excellency show their defects the more clearly. The Church, like all other organisms and communions is full of bondage to caste. There are in this country probably not less than two thousand, and probably more than three thousand ministers of Jesus Christ, connected with the four leading national churches, Baptist, Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Methodist. Could one of these be settled over any congregation except that of their own color? There are five hundred thousand church members who are in almost every instance excluded from the fraternity of their own faith. A few here and there may be permitted to take obscure positions with their white brethren, but if they should increase in any congregation to one-half, or a less but perceptible fraction, the rest would feel their church badly harmed, and prepare to fly to a more exclusive communion.

This evil shows itself in every other form of social life. In our stores they attain to no position as clerks, in our schools they are not allowed to become teachers. A Representative to our Legislature applied to the Superintendent of our schools for the place of teacher for his daughter, who had graduated with honor from the Normal School of this city; and he was told that it would not answer to confer this office upon her race; though a large portion of her scholars were dark, some were white, and the parents who had elected her father as their representative would not allow their children to study under his daughter. So she was driven to the South by this spirit of caste and cowardice.

The same law pervades every class and organism. No matter how radical the church or fraternity, it indulges in this abomination.

Now this must be confronted, fought down and expelled from our hearts. It is keenly felt by its victims. A minister wrote me last week, who had held and still holds high honors in a colored conference, that he should return to our conference, as he wished to die a man, not a thing. May many a church invite him to its charge, as his talents and popularity eminently deserve.

Another said to us, "The more liberty we have, the more we feel the yokes yet laid upon us. I have seen wonderful growth in public sentiment; but my chains clank the heavier. I do not wish my color to be noticed to my harm or exclusion. I wish it to be noticed with pleasure, just as I notice that of my white friends." Another family told me they taught their children at home for three years, because they would not send them to a proscribed school.

Wendell Phillips said at Farmingham, ten years ago, pointing to a beautiful Quadroon upon the platform, "to that complexion must we come before we get through this business. Let the New York *Herald* report that I said it." To the abolition in our hearts and in society of all impediments, to that consummation let this Society consecrate itself. It is a part of your work. You demanded the abolition of slavery, slavery is not yet abolished; will not be when the ballot is put in every hand. The iniquity must be cleansed to its depths. Every heart must be purified. We must look on the countenances of our brethren and sisters with pleasure. We must make them our associates everywhere. We must see to it that any minister, if otherwise eligible, should be settled over our congregations without respect to color. Tremont Temple, Music Hall, Park street, Trinity, Bromfield street, School street, Fraternity Hall, whatever its views of religion, each should welcome the teachers of their thought as freely as those of a contrary hue. Christian Churches should especially thus receive the Ambassadors of Christ. And congregations that are less rigid in their faith, might surpass their neighbors in this Christian work, and thereby stimulate and guide the Church of God to its true and coming position. In all this darkness light is breaking. I had the pleasure yesterday, of finding an intelligent colored printer a place in one of our oldest, and this proves it, one of our best houses. Schools and Colleges are opening the door to them. Professor's and President's chairs must be equally accessible. Stores and banks do not yet give them their rights, but workshops are getting free. The workman is before the flesh, the mechanic ahead of the merchant.

They are entering our churches and parlors, slowly and thinly. But they are entering. The world is moving, and the scenes of Paris will be yet reproduced in America, where white suitors of acknowledged positions are sighing for the hand of ladies of this contemned hue. To this work your Society is called. Lift up your voice like a trumpet. Tell the house of Israel still its transgression. Force our Superintendent to put competent colored teachers with whites. Call on our State board of Education to encourage equal rights in all the States; not alone over schools in which, a part are of this hue, but in schools exclusively white, as we have long set white teachers over those largely or exclusively colored. Call on other States to open the asylums indiscriminately; call on our city to do this. Why should there be an old colored ladies' asylum, separated from another old ladies' asylum? Why should colored orphan asylums exist to which their little ones are sent and separated from their fellow children with whom they have long played together in the streets? Why should New Jersey forbid any one of this color, if blind or insane, admission to her State asylum? The evil is everywhere. The floods are not yet abated from the face of the whole earth.

If you fail to wash this out, it will not fail to be washed out. The conference that organized its society so close upon this, when probably not a present active member belonged to it, is yet in full health and purpose to carry this work forward to its grand completion. It will not cease preaching and praying and working until its brethren of color enjoy the full privileges of its pulpits and communions. Will you help them in this work of the present hour? Let not this Society gather up its feet to die. It has seen much, but the fullness of the glory for which it labored in the stormy midnight of our nation, has not yet burst upon the land.

Chattel slavery is gone. Political slavery still reigns in many States, while caste or social slavery holds millions of professed Christian and philanthropic hearts fast in its slavish chains. Not until every nation is without a bondman; not until every colored man has the ballot; not until Congress has a black representative from Massachusetts as well as from Louisiana; not until every Congregation, of whatever faith, accepts black teachers as its regular head, and not as an occasional speaker; not until the stores, and shops, and banks, and every kind of business, are free from this ban of color; not until we look with as much pleasure and affection on this complexion of the human countenance as on that of a whiter tint; not until the brotherhood of man is actually and lovingly recognized by customs and fashions as well as laws of society; not until the whole earth is without a slave or a caste-ridden class, and India's oppressed myriad's, Africa's enslaved millions, England's degraded peasants, and all the world's tyranny and contempt of man by his brother, has ceased, and

"Man to man shall brother be
The whole earth o'er—"

not until that coronation hour of Christ and His Gospel, should this Society cease to work and live. It is a sign of the coming of the Son of Man. Let it shine in the heavens till that full-orbed spendor breaks on all the earth. Let it work with His church, reproving and being reproved, encouraging and being encouraged, until the Redeemer sees the travail of his soul and is satisfied; until the human race, regenerated, united, fraternized, shall fulfill the first law of love, that each shall esteem the other better than himself, and shall build upon earth the temple of a perfect manhood in His strength and beauty, and through his indwelling grace, who is the Son of Man, and the Son of God, through whom alone this fallen, dissevered, corrupted, and contending family of man can become pure and peaceful, united to each other, and bound with gold chains about the feet of God, nay, rather lying in pure raiment upon the very heart of God, sunned in his eternal smile, and warmed in his eternal love.

THE WORK BEFORE US.

LECTURE BY MRS. F. E. W. HARPER.

From the Philadelphia Morning Post, January 26th.

MRS. FRANCES E. W. HARPER last evening delivered an address on "The Colored People of the North; Our Work, and How to Do It," to a full house at the Central Presbyterian Church, on Lombard street, below Ninth.

The lecturer, after a few introductory remarks, said: The same year that witnessed the landing of the pilgrims upon the rock-bound coast of the old Bay State had also seen the arrival of the Dutch slaver with its first cargo of slaves, and upon the land where liberty shall yet murmur in the breeze and rejoice in its streams, was planted that deadly upas whose outflowing has been crime and shame, whose harvest has been ruin and death. In spite of all obstacles, perils, and even crimes, the land grew and flourished like the bay tree. A new career gave fresh impetus to human activity and its excitements; the dominant race has done a great work in this country. A few centuries since, America was a wilderness; but under the advancing tread of the white man, the forest disappears, and cities, towns and villages spring up. His commerce whitens all parts of the world, and unlocking the gates of the Orient, lays the wealth of Eastern climes a tribute at the nation's feet. He has grasped the lightning as a steed, and made him his swift-winged messenger. He has captured steam and made it grind at his mills, revolve his spindles and run with nimble feet upon his errands. With the keen eye of science he has pierced beneath the surface of the earth, entered her laboratory and revealed many of her rich secrets to mankind. From her storehouse he has drawn the coal which gives us the warmth of the tropics amid the snows and frosts of winter. His liberal policy has invited wealth and strength from other lands help to develop the resources of this land and deplorable as slavery was, it had this one compensation; it taught a race to work, and prepared them to be an industrial force in peace and an element of strength in war. Now that liberty comes to them, they are better prepared to struggle for life's prizes, and to open the gates of enterprise, endeavor and achievement, than if they were a race hopelessly sodden through and through with ages of ignorance, idleness and barbarism.

Nations, like individuals, have their missions to perform. Unto different ages and races God commits important trusts, and it is their duty as well as their interest to be faithful to them. To the Jewish nations was committed the doctrine of the unity of God, a great central truth, around which clusters all the holiest faith of earth, but they failed to know their day of visitation, and their sun went down in darkness. Greece and Rome had their work to do; but while they have their day, the history of their past is a philosophy for our present, and to-day upon the stage of national existence stands a young athlete—the American republic—with his hands full of sublime chances and grand possibilities. The white race laid the foundation stones of prosperity and progress. It has been grasping, unjust and, in many cases, unmerciful to feebler races. When Cotton was King it permitted matter to control the mind, and virtually said, "Let us make money though we coin it from tears;" but at last it has outgrown the institution of slavery, and has been grappling for years with its spirit, until, in nearly all the Southern States, they have given the colored man the ballot-box instead of the auction-block; and if one portion of that race has exerted a cruel strength, let us also remember that another portion has obtained the legal and moral power to unrivet at least our heaviest fetters.

Now, what is to hinder this nation from always being the leading one of the earth—a nation tried by suffering, purified by sorrow, and one which shall stand foremost among the nations, wearing justice as a crown, and equity as a girdle? While some races have entered upon the stage of action, whose work has been sadly destructive, the work of our race is grandly constructive. It is to build for ourselves and little ones a future, which shall give them a different position in American society. Hitherto we have been a people claiming a nation's pity, but now our work is to become a people demanding its respect, not simply by clamoring for our rights, but by faithfully performing our duties. It is not only in the halls of legislation where I would have the colored people represented, but I would have them represented in every department of art, science and literature and business. We may assert our mental, moral and physical equality with all the other races of this republic, but before society admits the proposition it has a right to demand the proofs. Are we equal to the white race? Have we the same mental grasp, the same continuity of purpose, enterprise, industry and power of achievement? This question would be answered by many of our race in the affirmative, and perhaps the one who would assert the contrary would be looked upon as a moral traitor to the race, but assertion is not the proof. Had we lived for the same number of centuries, under the same conditions of climate, soil, food and physical aspects, perhaps there would have been no material difference between us; but that we are in some respects practically inferior to the white race, our sad condition painfully testifies. The nation has put this estimate upon us, and we have too often conformed to its opinion.

America is a vast stage, on which some of the saddest dramas of human life have been enacted. Three races have been the actors and sufferers in the tragedy—the Indian, the negro, and the white. The Indian has been driven to the wall, and the negro still remains a hated, despised race, while the dominant party has just passed through a fearful baptism of fire and blood, and the question arises, what shall be the future of the colored people of the North? Shall we meet the fate of the Indian, whose race has been gradually passing away from the face of the earth? We, on the contrary, have been increasing from 20,000 to more than 4,000,000. While the Indian prefers his wild and untrammeled life, the negro prefers to be beneath the blaze and shadow of civilization. In a word, we are a city people and, if we cannot be rich and grand ourselves, we like to live where we can see other peoples' riches and grandeur.

The speaker concluded her address by saying that if the colored race were faithful to their day and generation, they might hope to pass triumphantly through the sea of difficulty and danger, and at last stand as victors in the ranks of a great deliverance.

FROM VIRGINIA.

FAIRFAX Co., Va., 1st month, 30, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THE subject of the condition of the Freedmen in the South is one of great moment. "I was a stranger and ye took me not in." The colored people, or strictly speaking the Freedmen, are *Strangers* and *Aliens* before the great masses of the people of these United States, at least they are thus treated. Although there is an attempt made at this time to take them into the great Brotherhood of man. But far yet is it to this great event. Fourty years were the children of Israel reaching the Promised Land. Twice forty will not find the Freedmen admitted, in the true sense of the word, to their rights. But what is the condition of this people at this time? Only a few years old, or at least the time is very short since their deliverance from *legal* slavery. But from the spirit of slavery they are not yet *delivered*. In the first place they have no homes, and they are not likely to obtain them soon under the present state of things. There are very few people in the South that are willing that they should either have homes or an education; for "what advantage would it be to be educated; the tiller of soil, or the mechanic has no need of any Book law;" so claim at least the greater portion of the *superior* class.

Even Northern people soon get used to the system of *servants* and masters, very much afraid indeed the former will get above their *normal condition*. Strange as it may seem, so-called pious Christians have as great horror to-day of their owning the soil, as they used to have of their having their liberty. But they have the one, and they must have the other; and the only hope, the only sure way to make them good citizens is to let them be citizens by becoming owners as well as tillers of the soil. They surely are not to blame for being born, neither are they to blame for living, or being in the United States, neither can they live in the air; and notwithstanding the prejudices and the terrible efforts to the contrary; justice demands, and the *people*, when once they see things with impartial and christian eyes, will admit the justice of demanding for the colored people land and education, with the ballot.

But we have advanced through the Red Sea and are getting pretty well along in the wilderness, and we will pass over *Jordan* after awhile, and then the walls of superstition and ignorance will tumble down like the walls of Jericho. But the southern people are too poor, if they had the will, to help the colored people to homes. I have faith that the colored people will grow rich and independent in time by themselves. But the way is rough and rugged, and but few will succeed at first, and as they are trying to make their way, if friendly hands would only *lift* a little, how much easier it would be for them.

There is plenty of land to be had in Virginia for ten dollars per acre in large lots, and if cut up in small lots, could be sold for fifteen or twenty dollars. By giving from five to ten years on interest, and the interest would always be paid and finally the principal; at least there would be no danger of loss. I would say to the Anti-Slavery people of the United States you have realized in large degree the fulfilment of your most sanguine wishes; the slave is *legally free*; but O friends! do not forget the condition of these freed people. To you do they look as their only friends in the time of need. Let them not revert back to their former owners virtually if not *really*. A little effort for a short time will suffice.

With great respect I remain, for the cause,

J. M. WOOD.

THE BRITISH SWINDLE BEFORE THE AMERICAN SENATE.

THE United States Senate has now before it two treaties with Great Britain and a trap. The treaty adjusting the subject of naturalization in the two countries, and that for the settlement of the boundary of the Island of San Juan, are of comparatively small importance. Our great dispute with England arose out of the late war, and the treaty pretending to decide that, which Reverdy Johnson and Earl Clarendon have concocted, is the most dangerous bargain that Europe could propose to America.

We have been informed of the nature of the treaty relating to the Alabama claims, and although it is not yet before the public, its substance is known to be as follows: There is to be a commission of four persons appointed, each government having two representatives. This commission is to decide upon a plan of settlement. A majority of the commission shall decide all questions. In case of disagreement, an umpire shall be chosen by the two governments. If the umpire refuses to decide, the disputed question shall be settled by lot in the presence of the commission. No cases arising from claims already adjusted by the courts of admiralty shall be examined by the commission. British claimants must prove that they preserved strict neutrality, and did not aid the South. The commissioners are to sit in Washington.

Such is the treaty stripped of all verbiage, and perhaps a more curious combination of knavery and folly was never proposed as a peace offering to an insulted and plundered nation. Let us see what this bargain means.

First, a commission of two representatives of each government will result either in a tie vote upon all important questions or a betrayal of America by one of our commissioners. The result of a tie vote will be to throw the decision of the entire matter into the hands of some European government. This is the cunningly contrived part of the treaty: *That the arbitration of the dispute shall, by the constitution of the commission itself, fall into the control of a European power.* Our commissioners can decide nothing—are utterly powerless—so long as those of England refuse to agree. Now, we had supposed that even Reverdy Johnson had brains enough to see that European arbitration of our claims amounts to an American surrender. Every monarchy in Europe, as we have repeatedly shown, followed the example of England in conceding belligerent rights to the rebels. Every monarchy is committed by its own acts to the English theory of international law, and yet this treaty proposes that the governments we accuse of violating our rights shall judge for us what our rights are! Nothing could be more absurd than this, unless it be the proposition that if the foreign umpire refuses to act—as if English influence could fail in securing action—that the whole question shall be decided by lot. A penny has two sides, a head and a tail, but this idiotic article of the treaty has no head at all; it is tail all over.

The People of America do not intend that their claims against England shall be decided either by interested European powers, or by chance. They will not give up their principles and submit to their wrongs so easily. They have serious cause of complaint, and do not want to be cheated into an adjustment by which nothing important will be gained. If this treaty is ratified by the Senate, America will sell for a few hundreds of millions of dollars all the rights she has acquired by patiently submitting to the wrongs of England. The account will be closed. Hereafter, when our opportunity comes to exact ample restitution, this treaty will be as fetters and chains upon our liberty of action. It will rise up as a precedent which England will shake before us defiantly, and dare us to go outside of the treaty we had so foolishly confirmed. We shall be bound hand and foot and by our own folly. We predict that if this infamous bargain is consummated the injury and shame of America will be even greater than that inflicted by Great Britain during the rebellion.

It is not the interest of the United States to close the account with England. It should by all means be kept open until the time comes when we may urge our just claims, and secure a full acknowledgment. If this question were merely an ordinary one of damages, a mere business matter, it might easily be determined. But is it in the highest degree impolitic and dangerous to give to an unknown umpire the power to settle the future foreign policy of the United States? The true plan is *never to surrender our just claims, and to await the opportunity of exacting the amplest reparation from England for the vast wrongs she has inflicted.*

We propose, as the only plan by which the United States can at once protect our interests, assert our honor, and leave us free to act untrammelled in the future, that of a Home Commission. It should be appointed by our own government, and should sit in Washington, to ascertain and pay out of the United States Treasury, American losses by the Anglo-Confederate pirates. The entire sum thus dispensed should be an unqualified demand against the British government. This demand should not be pressed against England to the extent of a war, but it should be maintained firmly, so as to constantly embarrass and degrade England. Unpaid, it would stand before the world as a claim, sufficient to justify retaliation in kind, whenever England has another war. Retaliation could be inflicted, and England would have no chance to complain, for we could adopt her own policy. But if we consent to let an umpire decide the question now, we give up all hopes of ever obtaining adequate redress, simply for the settlement of a small portion of our claims now.

Again, if, yielding to such a menace—and foreseeing that in the future America might commend the poisoned chalice to her own lips, England should pay the claim which our Government would constitute by the act of paying the debt through a Home Commission, then we should have all the revenge a magnanimous nation could desire. In paying this debt England would swallow her own bluster, and in the face of her own people and the world would admit the justice of all that we have urged. Should she refuse to pay, we get, instead of a settlement of the claims, the privilege of carrying all of her commerce during her next war, as she carried ours during the rebellion, and of reaping therefrom a national advantage of a thousand millions of dollars. That was the amount of the damage inflicted upon us by the banishment of American merchantmen from the seas by British complicity with the rebellion; and so powerful a nation as the United States should require an equivalent in kind. That our plundered and insulted country should be satisfied with false regrets and a handful of dollars, is an unworthy and disgraceful idea.

Nor is there any danger of a war, for that supposed danger is always the cry of those who oppose any bold and just foreign policy. England cannot be kicked into a war with the United States. It is the peace party in this country, the peace policy, that makes her so evasive and unfair in this Alabama business. The British government depends upon the reluctance of the commercial classes of America to do anything that looks like retaliation, to enable her to get out of her present difficulties with economy and credit. But if our merchants should say to our government, "Pay these claims, and then demand repayment of England," she would cease to bluster. That would mean business. If we should whisper "Canada," she would tremble. But no opposition on the part of the commercial classes should prevent the appointment of a Home Commission, for they represent almost solely the great Democratic or anti-war cities, such as New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Norfolk, Mobile, Savannah, New Orleans, and San Francisco.

Again, as a matter of justice to our own citizens, this Home Commission should be established, for through it only can their losses be made good. We tell the gentlemen of the Senate that this mixed commission, with an umpire and a set of dice to rule it, will accomplish nothing good. It has three points: first, a certain tie vote in the board; second, an unjust decision by a foreign umpire; third, the element of chance, which is turning what should be a solemn decision into a gambling farce. A Home Commission can alone secure our people just repayment, and it is the duty of the government to give protection for allegiance. As it failed to protect them when they were plundered by pirates sailing out of British ports, the next best form of protection is restitution for their losses, as soon as they can be proved before a Home Commission.

Had the British Government believed that the rebellion would be suppressed, and that the Union would emerge from war stronger than ever, it would never have stooped to the meanness it did. Laird would not have been permitted to build pirate vessels for the Confederacy. But, with few exceptions, the British leaders were convinced of the triumph of the South, and speculated in the miseries and misfortunes of the Union. With one hand England swept our flag from the ocean, and with the other gathered in our wealth. She stood with her foot on Ireland, gloying in her own power and exulting in the ruin of the Republic. But when we suppressed the rebellion, England was at our mercy, and knew it. Swift upon the heels of the wrong she

had done, came the danger of its punishment. She saw that every ship the Alabama had burned, was worth its weight in English gold. Then came the humiliation, the congratulations, the apologies, the anxious desire to convince the American people that England was their dearest friend. We were reminded that the two nations were of one blood, and that Shakespeare and Longfellow wrote poetry in the same language. There was no more talk of the failure of the Democratic experiment. It was all about American literature springing from the English source, and what a dreadful thing it would be if brothers should go to war, and the land it might be, drenched in fraternal blood. Let us settle the matter in a Christian spirit. Let us forgive each other all fancied and real wrongs. And then the Hon. Reverdy Johnson went to England, when he had better have stayed at home and gone to bed, and all England rose up to embrace him. What little sense of national honor he had, what little appreciation of our wrongs, was soon smothered by the flattery of politicians and flunkeys. And so a British treaty, concocted by a cunning lord and an imbecile ambassador, is put in Mr. Seward's hands, and the Senate is asked to confirm it. Is this, then, to be the end of the long struggle for justice?—a swindle in which we are asked to be accomplices.

The Senate must answer. Let it choose between this British treaty and an American Home Commission, between practical surrender and firm demand. Mr. Seward, it is said, is anxious to settle the question he helped to raise before he goes out of office, but we do not think that Mr. Seward's anxiety to have this treaty confirmed is as great as that of the American people to prevent it. There should be no haste in this matter. *We can wait.* England, be it remembered, is now the party which urges an immediate settlement, for she begins to understand that our claim is irresistible. It is our turn to delay. We hold a debt that should be paid to the last dollar, that it would be cowardice to compromise, and while we hold it we are masters of the situation.—*Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1869.

ANTI-SLAVERY WORK NOT ENDED.

I WISH to bear witness, as plainly and as publicly as I am able, that for one I do not believe the function of the Abolitionist is at an end. It is only in the letter, not in the spirit or the substance, that Slavery can be said to have been destroyed. The first orator and the bravest journal in America doubtless find it no pleasant task to continue, as for so long past, the censors of political morals, and the monitors of coming dangers: but there is no statesmanship in the land so safely anchored to justice, that the great task they so nobly fulfil can be spared to-day more than when a great political party could set its mobs upon their track.

It needs to be stated with special earnestness, amidst the too common readiness to charge anti-slavery criticism with outliving its due time, that great functions, reaching through the vital organization of society, do not cease with a change of circumstances; that the words which represent them have more than a technical or transient meaning.

Public progress follows the law of recurrence, as truly as the leaf-spiral on the stem, or the planet's path in the sky. The soul is no dial whose finger goes round and round. Yet after all, progress resembles the circle, quite as much as the forward line, in nature. Immutable laws, reward and penalty, sure evolution, staunch predominance of good, all grand fidelities of human nature make social development the perpetual renewal of one and the same process. It is but man's repetition, ever to better purpose and with larger insight, of the old eternal chime of Ideas which haunt his waking and his dream. Principles and ideals forever return upon him, to test, to warn, to inspire. To lose from our struggle and defect the uplift of their persistent rhythm were to fail.

The Abolitionist has that which can illuminate public events to-day as it did yesterday; which interprets character and conduct; which forewarns, protests, marks the duty and the dereliction, and yet alone holds fast the key and the promise.

The idea he stands for is beset by antagonisms as real as those he combated in the days before civil war had made good the warnings of twenty years. That old key note of warning remains, in spite of all partial gain, because it was profound enough to go to the depth of social needs, not recognized then, not recognized now. Good it was then, that minor key of criticism: men called it "*croaking*", till the land was rent with God's endorsement of it, and emancipation arose out of the chasm, bearing a crown, not yet conceded, for the brows of the rank-finders, who foresaw the triumph through the coming pain. And let not good men disguise the dangers they see to-day because they believe the end is sure.

The failure of all pretensions to rights apart from the fulfillment of duties; that is the eternal lesson, sometimes swiftly, sometimes slowly spoken by nature, but always spoken.

Austria evacuates Mexico, and Maximilian pays the forfeit of his life for his false pretensions of a day; but she evacuates Venice also, her prey for half a century. British Toryism fails at last to overawe classes that never knew a ballot, beholding John Bright lead out one year with a mighty suffrage demonstration in London, and another with a seat in the cabinet pledged to popular rights. Fenianism fails, inglorious dash for their own claims by a people who have shown themselves ill aware of their duties to the oppressed of other races, quick to affirm rights to strike down the negro, and forbid him to rise. For weary ages might triumphs, but to bring larger utterance to the sure returns of that sovereign rhythm of eternal law—*no rights allowed that have not sponsorship by duties done*—that is the Anti-Slavery idea, unexhausted by the changing years.

Democracy is justified not by the will of the people or their power, but by truth to the divine meaning of liberty. Deny who will the responsibility of politics to piety, it is an eternal fact: and as no government that is not of Godlike mind can ever bless a people, so no people can govern itself on other than one condition, namely, that it accept the correlation of rights with duties. Rights, neither the end nor the motive, but merely the instruments; the end and the motive, nobility of character for each person endowed with rights. A right is at once the sheath of a duty, which it conserves, and the hilt by which the duty is drawn out: and whenever the right is claimed or assumed, the duty should flash from that sheath and go with that hilt, or both sheath and hilt will have cheated the State to a false reliance which is death. Is self-government my right; then it means also my duty of securing self-government to all whom my right can affect. "In the East," it has been said, not very accurately, "freedom belonged to one man: in Greece to many men: in the Teutonic tribes to most." America claims to complete the circle and make all free. But just in so far as freedom has meant only rights, not duties, the progress only shows that more and more men have succeeded in getting certain rights, acknowledged in spite of each other, by bribes, by compromises, or by extortions; and these (supposed) rights without duties are, as nearly as anything can be in this world, devil's domain. They mean mere gratification of the selfish instincts, and the more of this kind of liberty there is, the more bribery and corruption, the more vain seeking of grapes from thorns; a bribe slays giver and taker. To bribe selfishness is to diabolize. To urge and propagate justice, that is to govern.

It would seem as if, the theory of rights having became universal in its form, it would be plainly felt to involve universal duties. Theoretically it should: practically the theory does not get its fair chance while taken more in the form than in the spirit, and then sets in another stern fact when the demand for rights is absolute, and every man makes it with his whole faith and passion, while the sense of duty in each halts behind, reluctant, unbelieving, then the perversion tends to grow terrible. If it were not restrained, all powers would turn to scourges, as fast as they came: men would learn only to devour, and forget how to plant or distribute: no conterbalance to self-seeking would remain. It is the Anti-Slavery principle that interposes the veto on these tendencies, and so long as they last, it will demand its prophets and lift up its cry.

What if, when America has brought all persons to a legal equality in powers, it should be found that the motives on which the work had been run had demoralized the power to use rights for mutual service, and new dispensations of anarchy or despotism should be necessary to teach us how to orient ourselves for a people's true life!

I am no pessimist, but optimist of optimists, rather. I know what splendid guarantees underlie all drawback and reaction. But is optimism the folly that shuts its eyes to necessary penalty by which the best is forever made that can be made, of human imperfection? I make no prediction of of anarchy or despotism; find no ground for despair even in that despotism of party spirit and public opinion which is the self-contradiction of the Republic. I but note that heavy lines of conduct run in these directions, to which the anti-Slavery idea is the saving opposite. Our vitality, a Thor's goblet that receives the whole sea of humanity, will bear heaviest draughts of retribution without failure of supply. But not the less do tendencies haste with us towards their ultimates.

The sublime ideal of a Free State will not be put by: never so clear and grand, in Plato, in Confucius, in Zeno, in Gindaro Bruno and the Utopians of the past, as it is in thoughtful men and women in America to-day. But not the less true is it that our politics are infected with the procrastination in things of moment that costs more than famine or war; with the policy that demoralizes opportunity itself; with unbelief in that courage to do right which would be worth twenty railroads to the Pacific, and give us a currency for gold to stand on, ten times better than gold.

So move on the eternal circles. State after State comes round to the old test; and the same State again and again; as sure as the year to the winter solstice, where meet the upward and the downward track. And it is the same old battle still, in substance; and the same champions must wage it, the old unfading light of the Idea overhead.

The charge of censoriousness and cynicism is unjust. With what amazement would a defender of liberty like Milton or Vane have regarded the recent processes of political readjustment! An executive like Andrew Johnson for two years left unimpeached, only a defeated party, and that scarcely, at his back! How explain it? Why pause over technical rights, whether of Congress or the Executive? Was not the public safety, which had been our law of eminent domain through this whole conflict with the rebellion, reason and justification enough? But the statesmanship of America had not been used, even under the pressure of war, to a courageous determination of rights by duties. The motive of satisfying party and personal interests had many ways to look before it could settle which would serve: was hard to embolden to such a step as impeachment; and so nothing but sheer compulsion ever brought it about at all; while its failure was excused—nay, justified, doubtless in some degree effected even, by the suspicion that it was, after all, bad party policy.

But what would men have thought and done, who were burning to deliver the State from perils more pestilent than rebellion? What would Milton or Vane have done? "Rid yourselves of corrupt discipline," wrote one of these to the wavering Parliament of his day, "as you would shake fire out of your bosom." Would the great Englishmen who took off the head of a tyrant have feared or hesitated to dispose a President under circumstances like these? If we had not found right enough for our duties, was it not time our duties prescribed our rights; And the latest offences, on which the impeachment of the Executive was finally based, were not after all so competent to serve as grounds of indictment as his very earliest violations of Congressional law and essential duty. Yet for two years nothing was done to affirm this. It is the best Congress in many respects we ever had. Yet this is its record. And then, the root of official mischief still undisturbed, Congress went on to admit to the rights of States, communities that had been rife with the passion to reestablish all of the old system of Slavery that their power would allow, by apprentice and vagrant laws, by the whipping post, if not the auction block, and by manifest initiation or indication of fresh terrorism or revolt. One bad step, the readmission of Tennessee, made other steps easy and imperative. Sumner passed for an impracticable, and Congress followed the managers who watch party interests with keener eyes than they possess for either real dangers or positive duties.

The gratification problem has been uppermost to the last. And while some were infatuated with "magnanimity" to the rebels, others are equally wild with immediate universal suffrage as a panacea for all ills, because it gratifies everybody alike. Agree to a Constitutional Amendment, said Congress to the rebel horde, and you shall have at once all the State Rights you ask. Guarantee everybody the right to vote, said popular political leaders, and all the traitor millions may come in and do their worst, without danger to the republic! Universal amnesty with universal suffrage; the blindest delusion, it seems to me, into which the notion of rights as gratification of desire has ever yet brought its devotees. What if the white Southern masses are unfit to be gratified thus? What if it is not a wise nor a just thing for this nation scarcely out of the jaws of death at their hands, to consider their gratification at all? Does it show any malice or inhumanity in us that we refuse to let loose all our felons upon society, with one wild jubilation? Is the satisfaction of voting the one purpose of a Republican State, and that every body should vote, and not rather that every body should do just service to the whole?

How plain the way was! A territorial government solved all difficulties. You take a population unfit for self government into wardship: disfranchise all proved rebels for a time: enfranchise loyal persons of every color who can read their own ballots: establish schools with the ballot box, and give every one a chance to labor and to hold land. You protect these preparatory disciplines, by proper force till they can go alone. You give pure self government to those communities when you have reasonable confidence that it will not be used to bring back old atrocities or to overthrow the republic. You thwart the purposes of North and South who await reconstruction to renew the war on the commonweal. All by paying the one price the eternal laws prescribe. And what is that price? To make the return of forfeited rights follow the recognition of duties: and first to accept our own duties, to both races alike. Why was it not done? One great reason was that the trading interest was eager for some immediate settlement; claimed its rights to resume the old opportunities. And Congress, unable to find a rapid solution simply because there is none, yet fearing to stake political interests on adopting the slow territorial one, hung helpless awhile, then struck wildly at the nearest path to reconstruction. The rights of trade, the rights of political success, gratifications but little tempered by the sense of universal duties—behold the delusive spell!

Is it asked, if then the wise way was not taken, what use now in criticism? Much; because a lesson is to be enforced. The people of this country have doubtless yet to learn that there is no swift settlement of these troublesome duties: that their slow disciplines have been and are yet to be healthier for it than the highest prosperity of trade. The war but opened, it did not fulfil them. And the gracious opportunities before us are to be preserved only by the vigilance and self-sacrifice of the old Anti-Slavery spirit. No delusions can abolish the fact that we are bound up with millions who have no love for our principles nor for our institutions, and millions who depend, if not on our protective care, at least on our righteous sympathy and aid. It is worse than useless to dream of hands folded in the afternoon repose over a happy release from all our trouble. All haste is vain, it is but the self gratification that ignores the stern conditions of the case. The nation is not yet saved. Before us still stands the weak or wicked prejudice of race. Before us still is the hardest problem that ever tasked a people; to merge the issues of the slave system in the civilization that started from Plymouth Rock.

Liberty and justice are American destiny, and cannot be escaped. But, as they draw men slowly by invisible cords, they take possession of the body politic through those instincts first, by which men are wont to be swayed when aggregated into masses to secure their own welfare. They come as enforced conditions to the satisfaction of those lower desires. Thus emancipation came as military necessity, to save the Union. Impartial suffrage was forced on the nation in like manner. It is more largely the interests than the duties of the laborer that impel to the removal of unjust relations in the organization of labor. And the spell by which the word "equality" works in all parties and conditions, comes not yet as it will by-and-by come, out of its unselfish and brotherly meanings. And so the good things, when they are at last got into the platforms and the laws, don't bring the blessings they seemed to promise. The great immortal words have been on our American lips from the beginning, as theory, as boast, as demand of rights; when the meaning has come as opportunity, then we were found not to know it, to hold out against it as long as we could, and when it forced us to embody it somehow, the first thing we have done has been to neglect or thwart the best estimate of it, to fail of keeping step to its true music. We touch our holy watchwords as the over-bold Hebrew in the old legend touched the terrible ark of the covenant, to be smitten for it as those who had no right to them. And every hard won triumph of liberty over barbarism we have not only paid heaviest price for, but made a peril before it has come, and pledged it over to some desecration in advance, so that still more bitter cost perhaps will come with keeping it.

This is not the whole truth, but it is a side of the truth. It is no argument against the capacity of the people for self-government, but it *is* argument for the persistence of criticism and warning. It may be useless to complain that the laws of social growth are patient laws; but it is worse than useless to ignore the conditions of improvement, or the grounds of penalty.

Two tests we shall be held to, social justice and financial honesty; and to seek evasion of these in any form, or to allow pretensions to the former to cover blind or reckless violations of the latter, is to lay up calamity, as corruption sows the seeds of death. What then do we want, most of all to-day?

Every voice raised for fullest justice to the negro, for iron restraint upon his foes, for utter suspension of every instrument of State rights they are intending to use for his degradation; every voice raised in thorough protest against that spurious magnanimity which says, amidst the horrors that come up to our ears from barbarous communities at the South—"stop, we have gone far enough in suppression; now let us have our era of good feeling; be very moderate, and do not offend any more prejudices; be sure the name of our great soldier will be enough to keep all quiet and right in the States we are going to welcome back;" every voice raised in solemn warning against this indifference to liberties not one of which is yet really secured either by resolutions or by laws; every voice that while it does this demands also that the faintest shadow of a suspicion shall not rest on the fair dealing of the nation with its creditors abroad or at home, however hard its bargain may bear on this or that class of citizens; every voice that is clearly for this indispensable gospel of the hour, gives guarantee for the future; and, for one, I rely on no other loyalty than this. So much of this as there is, so much do I take account of as the nation's real stock for meeting her new demands, as the like spirit of the abolitionist met the old: so much, as the true coin that shall pay her new debts, as it saved her from moral bankruptcy before. And this I hold to be the true shield and sword of the State, both when it acts with party and when it still acts against an outside party: whether it can stand in phalanx or must still stand alone.

It is fortunate so many elements can be concentrated at this moment on national self-preservation, though their aims may be mutually destructive, and their union cannot last. But the worst aims will not have helped win the political victory for nothing, and they will want their say, as well as the best.

We are not likely to be helped in the discharge of our duties by the majority of those who are drawn by the one rallying cry the reticent soldier has vouchsafed us—"Let us have peace!" He may mean good purpose by it. I am looking at the kind of support it is likely to bring; the sense would be unmistakeable if we had already done justice, or if all obstacles in the path of it had been removed. But peace before justice, is at best an uncertain cry. It is a call to the conservatism that thinks justice has already been served enough; to the desire of conciliation in the interest of property, that forgets the oppressed class and encourages the oppressing to hold out in hope to triumph at last; a call to inertness and indifference: to the weary of agitation and the foolish who trust without reason and against human nature, that hate can be turned to love and a slave-power to a citizen virtue by a day of defeat. It is a call not to open enemies of the freedman only, but to faint friends, who do not want him to interfere too much with the financial or political gearing; to men with whose opposition our great Senator has had to contend at every step in that path of his, which will be traced by the future student of our history as the one track of legislative dignity and light through this whole reformation; to men who thought it was going too far to insist on a territorial policy at the South: who thought we had gone far enongh to dispense with impeachment: and then that it was enough to impeach, a wise thing not to convict; men who thought and acted thus in the name of *Peace*, of the country's weariness of vain excitement and necessity of settled times; and who will hereafter, on the same plea, with abundant legal and prudential discourse oppose all stringent control of those same anomalous and dangerous communities, too hastily gifted with the name of States. There is a great class who will hail the Republican victory as a rebuke of radicalism, and who intend that the motto of its leader shall mean—"Let us settle up this negro question on the best instant terms we can get, and have no more trouble about it;" the same cry that met the Abolitionist long ago. They forget that there are millions in this land, North and South, who are more determined to put down the negro under their own feet than they are to give him all his manhood justly claims. They have never begun to conceive the magnitude of the elements we have to deal with, how much less made up their minds to the sacrifices it will demand!

Has not the good cause already hampered its future with pledges and concessions, listened to timid counsellors and blind guides? Has not a reign of terror already proved the quality of a reconstruction that hurries self-government into the hands of still unreconciled masses? This policy consummated by the immediate elation of victory, and our authority ceases at the South; the priceless opportunity the war gave is at an end; and though the reign of terror should cease, how have we, so far, guaranteed negro citizenship against a dominant class, possessed of prestige, cunning, and a strong hold on social prejudice and taste, even at the North? By a treacherous, half-way amendment, allowing disfranchisement upon condition of diminished representation. On terms no surer or safer than this we have admitted nests of border ruffianism, and natural nurseries of political outrage under pretence of law. And to complete the confusion, it stands conceded in the Chicago platform that the question of suffrage belongs to the States. This was as far as many Northern States were ready to go, it was pleaded; and the Constitution itself gave no power to take this suffrage question out of the hands of the States. But was it not then the duty of the Northern States to *amend* the Constitution so as to secure the liberty of their millions of wards at the South, *before they admitted a single pardoned rebel* to the power to make its laws? "But for this they were not ready." It is to that very fact that I point in proof that reconstruction has gone farther than our virtue warranted, and that they have brought this Trojan horse into the gates before there is character enough in the city to master, without heavy public penalties, the mischief it holds. If there was dislike and dread of such Amendment before the admission of the States, will there be none now, after a great political victory has brought a "reaction to the desire of peace?" That amendment must come, but the longer it is delayed the more it will cost. Every moment throws new blocks in its way. Can it be passed by the present Congress? If it cannot, the danger is equal to the shame. If it cannot, then the two-thirds vote necessary, it seems probable enough, goes out when the new President comes in, a new page of policy is turned, and the one only safeguard is lost till new penalties enforce it. The one only safeguard, I repeat. For a mere political rights act of Congress is surely inadequate, and with a Supreme Court constituted like the present has a dubious future indeed.

And if Congress shall pass the proposed Amendment, will three-fourths the States accept it, or must we go down into deeper night before we learn to long for the day? Who can answer what it is so imperative to ask?

In the untimely haste the Freedmen's Bureau and the military arm are of course withdrawn, the only signs to the negro of national interest in his political welfare. We have been putting out of our hands the powers we need for bringing order out of chaos. Pardoned rebels, shrewd Southern managers, Northern reactionists are intent to take their place. Do we not need the sentinels on the old watch-towers of the Anti-Slavery idea still?

This is not despondency; it is not even looking on the dark side. We are used to pluck faith from peril, or we ought to be. It is but showing that steam pressure in political self-gratification may have to take the back-track, and that it needs close looking to, that "let us have Peace" do not mean once more "Peace at any price!"

The one glory of reconstruction, the shining crown of Republican policy was that the emancipated race should cast a free ballot in the Presidential election. We know to how large an extent that purpose was thwarted by force and fraud. But how was it possible for the blacks to vote freely except under that full protection which only a territorial status could afford? This would have accustomed the races to vote together in local elections, and the grand spectacle of a national vote could lose nothing by being postponed till it could be fairly conducted. But lions were in that path, and policy could not wait for justice.

The negro ballot is the great honor and stewardship of the Republicans. It is only to be guarded by throwing round it all helpful influences of free institutions, all signs of Northern interest and power. Why has not this been practicable? What if Andrew Johnson had been removed from office more than two years ago, and a system of territorial self-government established at the South, with impartial suffrage, under appointees of a President worthy of the hour? Was it because the people were reluctant, that this was not done? The people are not responsible for those intrigues and cabals which did very much to postpone impeachment. It was not the people, that feared to see that incorruptible radical made President who then presided over the Senate. But corruption is not confined to leaders.

Intrigue and cabal, ring and caucus machinery; promises of mutual furtherance and division of spoils; the terms and watchwords made pawns in these ignoble speculations—the creatures of a political mechanism in which good citizens cannot work but at the utmost disadvantage, or even in some places with personal safety, sent forth in the name of the people—these vices, not so much of individuals as of a system charged with opportunity for the unscrupulous and venal, and with the notion of office as a prize—are we aroused to set about their cure? Improvements are suggested in the election system: better ways of coming at the public conviction and will than the manipulations of party or caucus managers. But nothing can help us after all but the moral intelligence which can detect character and motive in the aspirant to office, and refuses to be managed, either by tact, or facile speech, or self-laudation or bribe. Was there ever more need than now, even in the sternest days of the Anti-Slavery protest, of the naked unmistakable appeal of that protest, to the moral nature, its grand insistance in the name of the pure idea, on personal integrity and self-respect?

Good men are expecting from the coming administration, peace from schemes of revolution and reaction: they hope it will break up the whiskey rings and stop the treasury leaks. But the sea of political corruption, that floods the shore of victory with haste to sweep away the spoils, this no President can stay; this the people must themselves take in hand to quell, and bless the sternest words of judgment and reproof. Better even these should go too far than not be spoken at all.

In these political and moral perils, the crisis of credit, the subtle snares for that honesty on which, not less than on its liberty, a nations' life depends, the vagaries of finance, wherein every man would be the prophet, and no one has the prestige or the manifest wisdom to guide—no thoughtful person will doubt the resources of the people in remedial honor and insight, nor the inward necessities of our free institutions to steer into the straight path of equity at last. But this very certainty of resource, should make criticism the last thing to be feared, the most to be welcomed. It is not faith in the new President that will save us; in one on whom men hope so much, yet know so little; nor in party managers; nor in party cohesion, the emptiest of delusions in this case, we may be sure: but the voice of honest censors, who cry aloud and spare not, and the grace to pray for brave criticism and to lay it to heart.

In the last election, the people grandly uttered the judgment of civilization against barbarism, justifying afresh the claim of man to self-government. But whateyer enthusiasm these demonstrations of the power of the masses in a free State awaken, there still stands fast the central truth, which the individual abolitionist, with no party at his back, was once set to guard. These victories are worth only the personal conviction and character, there is in them, the rest is sputter and fume. The rousing majorities may not foreshow the future so truly as the protesting conscience in a single breast. Every rallying cry of the hour will have to be revised in the interest of a larger duty, and the party, the majority that wins the first step therein will not be of numbers, but against numbers. So will come the just liberties of woman: so the true basis of suffrage, yet to be made clear. To refuse the false position of making choice between two unworthy measures or candidates that political management may force on the voter, is mere criticism, but it is political new creation, and casts the strongest vote. As a ballot a man counts one, as a conscience he counts the whole State, and the whole future. We shall not discredit the ballot, when we declare that faithful criticism is a higher function in the life of citizen than the appeal to majorities. Personality is power: convictions are estate and income; one's character is his permanent and true vote, integrity in thought and action the sum of his public debt and duty. And of all the gifts that these can bring a people, there is none so indispensable as the severe idealism that with highest estimate of their capacity and the faith of noblest friendship, holds them steadily to the best.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE SENATE—THE AMENDMENT.

THE Senate has done better than the House. We hail with much satisfaction its proposed suffrage amendment, adopted on Tuesday by more than the requisite two-third vote, as follows:

ARTICLE 15. No discrimination shall be made in the United States among the citizens of the United States in the exercise of the elective franchise, or in the right to hold office, in any State, on account of race, color, nativity, property, education or creed.

This important, comprehensive Amendment we hope may receive the speedy concurrence of the House, and be sent promptly to the State Legislatures for their ratification.

The House Amendment, if ratified would, according to Georgia rule, leave colored voters still inelligible to office, and exposed to invidious and unequal tests of property and education.

The struggle in the Senate was severe and protracted, but the result is very gratifying. Mr. Sumner offered and advocated a Political Rights bill, which received the votes of nine Senators. His speech was one of great ability, and we hope his bill will yet become a law. It can and should be made such at once and anticipate the good results of the Amendment. We deem the amendment primarily important, however, as an added, explicit, irreversible guarantee from the Nation to the colored people of equal political rights and privileges. Messrs. Fessenden and Trumbull did not vote. Messrs. Conkling and Morgan of this State, we are glad to see, recorded their votes in favor of the Amendment as quoted above.

The Senate's joint resolution includes an article in relation to electors, an amendment which it will also undoubtedly be well to adopt. The full text of the resolution is as follows:

Be it Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives, etc., two-thirds of both Houses concurring, That the following articles be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States as amendments to the Constitution of the United States, either of which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be held as a part of said Constitution, namely:

ART. 15. No discrimination shall be made in the United States among the citizens of the United States in the exercise of the elective franchise, or in the right to hold office in any State on account of race, color, nativity, property, education, or creed.

ART. 16. The second clause of the first section of the second article of the Constitution of the United States shall be amended to read as follows: "Each State shall appoint, by a vote of the people thereof qualified to vote for Representatives in Congress, a number of Electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State shall be entitled in Congress; but no Senator, or Representative, or person holding an office of trust or profit under the United States, shall be appointed an Elector; and Congress shall have power to prescribe the manner in which said Electors shall be chosen by the people."

A committee of conference between the two Houses we trust will be able to agree upon the above, or a joint resolution not less comprehensive and effective than that adopted by the Senate, and in our next number we hope to be able to congratulate our readers upon the consummation of this important measure so far as it lies within the jurisdiction of Congress.

Of course the passage by Congress of this Amendment is but its initiation. For final ratification, that it may become a part of the fundamental law of the nation, the State legislatures and the people will be responsible. There will inevitably be a long and weary period of waiting and hard work for the friends of freedom, before its ratification can be proclaimed. Of ultimate success we have no doubt.

Our Washington correspondent, "Asmodeus," telegraphs the following:

WASHINGTON, Wednesday Feb. 11, 1869.

No action will be taken by the House of Representatives to-day upon the Senate's Constitutional Amendment. The Senate's form of Amendment is more satisfactory than the one originally passed by the House. There is a growing feeling in favor of making the Amendment more positive and effective than it is even now. Of its adoption no doubt exists.

The electoral vote is now being counted. Butler has just objected to receiving the votes of Georgia; those of Louisiana have been received.

ASMODEUS.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE electoral votes were duly counted, and the result of the election for President and Vice-President was formally announced to the successful candidates on the 10th inst. The announcement of the new Cabinet must soon follow.

We call special attention to what we extract from *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times* relative to the British treaty now before the Senate. The plan of settlement proposed by Mr. Wilkes' strikes us as just, honorable and judicious—one that we owe to ourselves and our own self-respect, and to the future security of all commercial Nations.

The excellent and timely propositions introduced respectively by Mr. Julian in the House, and Mr. Wilson in the Senate, for the enfranchisment of the women of the District of Columbia, and of the Territories, should be pressed to a vote, and adopted by the present Congress. We hope also to see adopted and sent to the State Legislatures for their ratification an additional constitutional amendment, presented distinctly upon its own merits, guaranteeing to women upon equal terms with men, throughout the Union, the right to vote, and elligibility to office.

The Radical for February, edited by Messrs J. H. Morse and J. B. Marvin, of Boston, thus cordially testifies of THE STANDARD:

"THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD steadily maintains its independent criticism of public affairs. Faithful at its post; undeceived by the 'blaze of glory' in which the war was brought to a close; waiting for the *substance*, when others turned aside all too thankful for the *promise*, resigning the issue to the unchallenged manipulations of the Republican party—THE STANDARD has had its foresight more than justified. Had it retired from the field when 'chattel slavery' was abolished, it would have left its work only half done—deceived by a form of law, by a phrase. Had the Lord, in the legend, stayed his hands and retired from the scene when the children of Israel had gained the opposite shore, leaving the dry path through the sea to their pursuers, in which camp would have been heard the song of triumph?

"It is not too much to say that THE STANDARD has had an influence in shaping the honest and practical legislation of Congress since the war, equaled by no other paper. As far as we have got on the way towards peace, its lead has been followed. And it has never had but a limited circulation. But shrewd Republican politicians are apt to see this journal, and to know while it cries 'Forward!' that the 'end is not yet.'

"While the race that was enslaved remain under burdens entailed upon it by slavery, which it is in the power of government to remove, who says that the Anti-Slavery issue has passed? It is sorry justice that holds a people in bonds a century, and then turns them adrift with no acknowledgement of the enslaver's indebtedness!

"Laying hands on another,
To coin his labor and sweat,
He goes in pawn to his victim,
For eternal years in debt."

THE STANDARD has a right to live to the end. Its counsel is needed. *It* is a journal that on the question of *paying off the debt* to the negro, is never shaky."

PERSONAL.

Sallie Holley will speak in the Unitarian Church in Wilmington, Delaware, on Sunday, the 14th inst. Subject, "Justice—Freedmen."

The many friends of Richard D. Webb will learn with much regret that he is obliged, in consequence of the death of a brother, suddenly to return to Ireland. His own health is improving, though he has not yet recovered from the serious accident of last Summer. He will sail from this port to-day (Saturday) in the City of Paris.

Senator Sumner has received the congratulation of numerous Associations and individuals since his reelection; and the first act of the National Executive Committe, appointed by the Colored Men's National Convention recently held here, was to address him the following letter:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 20th, 1869.

Hon. Charles Sumner:

SIR—The National Executive Committee, created by the recent Convention of the colored men of this country, whose representatives we are, have learned with unspeakable gratification of your reelection to the United States Senate. We are aware that you have discouraged any demonstration because of the service you have rendered us in the cause of justice, but we cannot permit this highly gratifying event to pass entirely unnoticed. We therefore take this method to offer you the sincere congratulations of our race, together with the expression of the opinion that Massachusetts in reelecting you has honored herself by paying this proper tribute to the able, just, and patriotic manner in which you have served her and the nation. We hope that God in his providence will enable you to witness the perfect fulfillment of our country's reconstruction on the basis of perfect justice and equality.

We remain your obedient servants,
GEORGE T. DOWNING, Chairman.
J. G. BARBADOES, Secretary.

To this letter Mr. Sumner replied as follows:

SENATE CHAMBER, 24th January, 1869.

Gentlemen: I received gratefully the congratulations which the National Executive Committee of Colored Citizens here made to me on my recent reelection to the Senate. One of the choicest satisfactions of arduous public service is found in the good will which you so kindly communicate to me in behalf of those for whom I labored. If I were disposed to hesitate, your letter would quicken my energies. Be assured I shall press on to the end, against prejudice, against opposition, against combination of all kinds. The good cause has advanced from victory to victory. It only remains that equal rights for all shall be assured at the ballot-box everywhere throughout the country. Until this great victory is won our work is unfinished, nor in my opinion can our republic give an example to mankind. It is little short of absurdity to call a government republican in form which makes a discrimination of rights on account of color and establishes an oligarchy of the skin. Believe me, gentlemen, very faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

George T. Downing, Chairman, and J. G. Barbadoes, Secretary.

MR. WASSON'S THEORY OF REPRESENTATION.

BOSTON, Feb. 8th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

As your readers are to be favored with an excellent synopsis of Mr. W. J. Linton's able paper in favor of a government which should be literally every man's government, without mediation or representation, they may be interested in the contrast afforded by some ideas of Mr. David A. Wasson's, which they will possibly consider equally extreme in the opposite direction.

Among the attractions which Boston is at present offering, is an admirable series of Sunday afternoon addresses, at Horticultural Hall; of which Mr. Weiss gave the first, Mrs. Howe the second, and Mr. Wasson the third, on Sunday, January 31st.

His subject was "Political Protestantism;" and he drew a brilliant parallel between the religious Protestantism of Luther, and the political Protestantism of Rousseau and the France of his time.

Rousseau interpreted the Law of Nature—of which he was the apostle—to mean that there should be no determining principle for any man beyond his own will: in other words, he taught the insuperable sovereignty of the individual will; and that civil institutions, civil laws and duties are not natural but artificial—artificial, too, in an evil sense, the moment any man is held by them to the performance of any social duty against that will of his which has all the authority of nature behind it.

This theory of Rousseau failed to commend itself to Mr. Wasson. He felt social obligation to *be* natural. It mingles with the very roots of man's being, itself one of them: to eradicate it were to eradicate human nature. *Government* is natural, and political theory gropes in darkness until this truth is perceived.

Spinoza set forth Rousseau's Law of Nature, and then showed it to be brute nature, inhuman nature, unworthy a being capable of reason. Lord of himself is what every man should become; and not till he is a true lawgiver in his own breast has he in him the stuff out of which good government is made. While he is the puppet of his self-love, he is the very jail-bird of nature.

In a system of government which is to accord with Rousseau's law of nature, every subject must continue to be what he was in entering it, subject only to his own will. To secure this end give him a vote. The man who does not vote is a slave, according to Thomas Paine. But—is he? Suppose he is not entrusted with political power only because he cannot rationally be trusted to use it to good purpose? Shall one stand up and say, I will not obey these laws because they are made only by intelligent and good citizens?

The necessity of modern democracy should not disguise its imperfections. We are beginning to see that nations are called by an imperative vocation to the maintenance of a civilizing discipline; and that this calling with its corresponding duty neither waits for its warrant upon any individual consent, nor by any dissent is to be cancelled. The will of the people is our political divinity: he commits the unpardonable sin who so much as examines its pretentions. But beyond question this is a divinity not acknowledged by the *spontaneous* sentiment of the race. Primeval sentiment knows nothing of law *makers*, but only of law *givers*. The ruling principle is above the mere will of one or of many. No system can be the best attainable in which the idea of the derivation of authority is not recognized as modern truth and put to modern use. Social obligation and the submissive confession of it are initial facts in history and in human nature. Moral solidarity, moral *communism*, is the germinal fact in the history of civilization.

Say, as we may, that individualism is the first law of nature—who can *be* individual by ever so much trying? Is the child born from his own loins? Does he not bear in his breast the tenderest heart of father and of mother? Was it for their own fault that our bravest youths laid down their lives in southern swamps? Do not whole nations suffer for the sins of their fathers?

No man liveth unto himself alone, but the relation of men to each other must be regulated by dutiful and disciplined intelligence; and this leads us to the true theory of representation. The common responsibility should be represented by such as are naturally fitted to sustain and shape it to good ends. Our common interests must have eyes to save them from being common calamities. The eyes are no more interested than the feet in keeping out of pitfalls; but they represent for the feet and for the whole body the function of finding and authoritatively declaring the way. *Sight commands:* there you have the *rationale* of all government. Collect *insights* at the polls and you have a natural representation at the polls; collect mere wills, seeing and blind wills without discrimination, and the law of nature is violated. Representation there will and must be. It is our business to see that it shall not be blind, or fail to give eyes to communitive interests.

Nations *must* be bound together, from the law of solidarity is no escape; but, if you would have them live rather than die together, make the *insights* controlling. One hears it said by excellent persons that no man must decide for others; but, on the contrary, the obvious fact is that *every* man must decide for others; not one can avoid it though he were a hundred times willing to do so. More has been decided for every soul of us than we shall ever determine for ourselves; and in *our* footsteps there will spring up felicity or fatality for generations whose eyes will open only when ours have for many an age been closed. Above all, the authoritative action of the community, will determine much—how immensely much for the coming times.

Why is it that the wise and good must decide nothing with authority for the most ignorant and imbruted of their cotemporaries, while the latter are thus directly empowered to sow death in the cradles of the future? The helpless future, with never a vote at the polls, silently awaiting the word of doom or of deliverance which this age shall pronounce in its behalf—we see the reckless mob of our cities voting for it, deciding its destiny; and we justify our consent to this ominous proxy by crying "No man must decide for others! every man for himself!" What if we should say, on the contrary, "No one shall be expressly empowered to curse the long morrow of a nation?" Were there not at least an equal respect for liberty in that? When suffrage shall be restricted to those who are worthy of it, when no man's will, but all men's weal, is the object for which each vote is cast, then true representation will begin.

These ideas, enlarged upon and energized with the peculiar power of Mr. Wasson, made an impression not soon to be effaced. The voice which called on us to deal solemnly, reverently, unselfishly with generations yet unborn, whose eyes will see when ours are dust, rang out as fearlessly as the prophet's of old, when he stood before the sinning king of Israel, and uttered his "Thou art the man." Those who heard the address are not likely to forget it. Those who did not will be glad to know that it will be part of a forth-coming book, in which Mr. Wasson will utter some trenchant truths which the world cannot afford to ignore.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THE RADICAL CLUB.

THE RELIGION OF ORGANIZATION—ESSAY BY W. J. LINTON.

BOSTON, Jan., 27th 1869.

THOUGH the regular meetings of the Radical Club are but once a month, it sometimes happens that a choice spirit strays away from other cities and finds himself very irregularly in Boston; whereupon, as no one who comes to Boston with an idea is suffered to leave town until it is coaxed or bullied out of him it becomes the duty of the Radical Club to improvise a supplement and assemble at whatever time is most convenient to the inveigled stranger. Such has been the fate of W. J. Linton, the celebrated English engraver, who, as the representative of European Republicanism, read to-day an essay upon "THE RELIGION OF ORGANIZATION."

The opening, and indeed a very considerable part of the essay, consisted of a review of the ancient empires of the world, with the object of showing that throughout them all the old dogma of *the inequality of men*, was prevalent and fatal to true freedom and to progress. The first step of the life of true humanity is freedom; but unequal freedom, the anarchical assertion of self, even patriotism under such circumstances being only the enlargement of self: no real or enduring freedom being possible except upon the true basis of equality. But when in every possible way the unequal freedom had been tried, then came the preaching of the Christian equality—not merely the equality of expediency for the sake of each, but the divine equality—"because we are all Sons of God." The lecturer then briefly traced the progress of Christianity, pointing out that the several stages of the life of Christendom had been only so many endeavors to work out this great problem of the religious equality of the human race—not merely equality in what are called religious matters, but equality upon religious ground in every thing that concerns human life. He insisted that this dogma of human equality is the only real and essential distinguishing dogma of Christ, and that upon that ground and that ground alone we are justified in dating the world's years from Christ's coming. The first step is not progress, but the second is. The world could not move with unequal liberty. Freedom only becomes available when it becomes universal.

With the abolition of slavery, the work of Christianity is ended, and a new religion is needed. As the first savage unequal freedom might be called a worship of the Father, of creative power, or growth, however anarchic or barbaric, so the second might be called the worship of the Son, of the Word which made all men equal, and so all men free. Thus, the vindication of the individual brings in the new ground and opportunity for organization, the organization of the Republic, the religion of the Comforter, the Harmonizer, the third day of human life and progress, the day of the communion of saints, the communion and organized fraternity of men and women, to order and do the will of God upon earth.

The essayist then proceeded to mark the difference between a democracy and a republic. Athens called itself a democracy; but the people did not rule. The Athenian Democracy kept slaves. The Swiss Cantons, Zug and Uri, are democratic in form but the priest rules. These Catholic "Democracies" are theocracies of slaves. He asked what form of government obtains in the United States of America, and was answered by Theodore Parker's statement that by means of wealth one eightieth part of the population rules the rest, leaving for the rest just the freedom of changing masters at every election. This did not seem to him to be even a democracy. A real democracy—said Mr. Linton—is an assemblage of the free; a Republic is more than that, it is an organization of the free. Aristocratic government is the governing power in the hands of the few. Now-a-days the few take care to use it. In old times they chose a feudal representative and found he was a master. In later times the English Aristocracy had been less foolish. They now only put a man of straw upon the throne—mattered little whether man or woman—just to keep each other out, but exercising the real power themselves, and only allowing the straw figure a voice when they wanted the people to believe the Guy alive and so be in doubt of who their masters were. If democratic government meaned the governing power in the hands of the Many, why should not the Many use it? Democracy becomes an idle word if it abdicate its power in favor of an Aristocracy no matter how democratically appointed, chosen or deputed. He found no reality in American democracy while one eightieth part controls all the rest. "You cap the inconsistency with a mischievous President Johnson in place of our harmless English Guy."

A real democracy is the beginning of the republic, an assembling of the free in order to turn their freedom to its full account for the good of the whole. This organization of the powers of all, this government of all, by all, for all, is the Republic. Democracy is either the basis of this or it is anarchy. Among kings and aristocrats had been wise rulers and lovers of order; and there might be some justification for the rule of the One or the Few in old days, when the great truth of human brotherhood was unknown. Aristocracy, by the way, he spoke of as only monarchy held in commission; the two opposing principles are monarchy and democracy, or authority and conscience. Yet democracy alone is insufficient. It has but one word upon its banner—"THE PEOPLE;" but one definition—"The People as the sole source of power." There is no aim in this, no religion. It is the mere egotistical assertion of power, of universal rights—not to be universally used. "Your fathers," said Mr. Linton, "did their best for the time they lived in; but the Christian assertion of rights has done its work: we need advance our programme to the higher realms of duty." The republican banner bears upon it a religious creed, giving also the aim of the republican life. The European republican formula—"GOD AND THE PEOPLE," implies the organization of the whole people in order to do the will of God, the association of the whole people, men and women, not merely to make such laws as may suit the tastes of some party conspiracy, a majority for the nonce, but to enact the laws of God in human statutes to rule the current life of all, to realize in human life the prayer of all life to the Father which is in heaven—"Thy will be done on earth!"

Is there such organization now? Mr. Linton said he did not find it in Europe, where they are yet struggling against that old dynastic division and disintegration of the world, of which the Austrian empire is the type; struggling even for national existence. Without political organization social organization was impossible. He referred to English and Irish poverty and emigration, to the demoralization of France under the ruffianism of a Napoleon, and turning to the young Republic of America, asked, What organization is there here? What in Georgia, and Tennessee, and Texas?—nay, what in New York and Massachusetts? In your magnificent Empire City there is not organization enough to sweep the streets after a snow-storm. In the city of the Puritans you may have the cleanliness which is next to godliness; but of the godliness how much? What chance of virtue with the present ordering of labor and of trade? Is your labor ordered for the benefit of all? And your buying and selling—is it not the greedy game of middle men, robbing both sides, in vindication of the Jewish proverb—"As mortar sticketh between stones?" Organization of Society! Ask your criminal population; ask the unfortunate women of all Christian streets; ask the unhappy strangers you take into your families as helps. Are you decently organized even in your homes? Organization! You dare not as a nation even whisper an encouragement to the struggling Republicans of other lands. And the best-natured, the most gifted among you, keep out of politics from a very proper disgust at what is called "politics," stand by without attempt at organization.

Then Mr. Linton proceeded to define his ideal republic, imagining a ship load of emigrants of men and women, landing in a new country, and founding their government; conferring as to this or that law, and adopting or rejecting each according to the will of the majority, excluding none from their council, and excusing none, avoiding the tyranny of a permanent majority, by confining the majority to each law, and so changing the majority with every law. This is the direct sovereignty of the people, which he claimed as a religious duty. What more acceptable service to the Eternal than the devout considering what law, or alteration of an old law, shall make our lives more honest, more holy, and more God-like? Why should not the town-hall and the church be one? And why should the increase of the community render this more difficult? Is this republican organization a mere Utopian dream?

On one day you cast the votes of the whole land for President. Would it be more difficult to cast them for a certain law? Calculate the time spent, not in electing, but in electioneering, in buncombe and blue lights, and add to that the time spent in keeping "Representatives" straight; and see if that might not take some more than would be wanted to canvass and to decide upon more laws than will be passed by Congress during the reign of Ulysses Grant.

Two things would be gained by the people thus directly voting their own laws. Their will and conscience would be represented, and the habitual voting as a patriotic duty would be of educational value. In war you excuse none. Why excuse any in peace? In great crises the need of a convention of the whole people is admitted. The direct sovereignty of the people is only a permanent convention. And when is not consentaneous action necessary for the common weal?

And three questions not able to be answered now might then obtain solution, the religious question, the woman question, and the educational question. The labor question and that of money must also wait for a real republic. Men will no longer be ashamed to be thought religious when all the business of life is organized on a religious basis, when religion is recognized as the science of life, and politics as only the practical application of religion. Woman, not wanted now in the political arena, will then take her right place as the help-mate of man, the Priestess standing beside the Priest; and the whole current of life will be educational, educational and religious, bearing us on and onward to the Eternal Peace of God.

When an essay is so true that little else can be truer, and when the force of its truth strikes home to an audience, there is room for a great deal of eulogy, but for little of argument. Mr. Linton's paper was severely critical, unsparingly caustic; but, however certain details might be objected to, it defied contradiction as a whole. No one attempted the task. MR. SARGENT said that though the pill was a bitter one, the most graceful act we could perform would be to swallow it without a murmur. He for one accepted the criticism, particularly in its reference to Boston.

MR. ALCOTT thought the essayist merited the thanks of all assembled. Americans are braggarts in words, braggarts in deeds, and refuse to recognize themselves when the mirror of truth is placed before them. The highest friendship admits of the bravest truth-telling, and is attained when a man or a nation is told of faults even by an enemy. Much more should we be grateful to the critic who is a friend. It was delightful to see any one who believed anything. Mr. Linton is his own republic, and if there be one of the opposite sex who subscribes to his tenets then does it exist on earth. But Mr. Linton has taken us into the middle of the next century where many now living belong. We may walk the streets of modern Athens and yet feel very solitary. Such papers however, make comtemporaries, and he subscribed to this one with his whole heart. Thirty years ago, an attempt had been made to carry out a similar idea, and for a time success attended the efforts. When indeed its moving spirit again took his place in the world, he left Brook Farm feeling that one day it would be a reality. Mr. Alcott was happy to hear of its counterpart.

JOHN WEISS, who always carries in his heart the lighted torch of eloquence, recognized the ideal republic, that which mild and respectable republican journals are wont to call the serenely Utopian. Our skillful engraver but pours a little acid over the plate to eat away extraneous subtance and leave a work of art. The little child of the Republic is born, or if not born we are bearing it in our bosoms. He liked the criticism, sharp as it might seem. It was from berries pressed harsh and crude. The critic was not drunk with new wine. Mazzini and his disciples had tasted of the vintage gathered when God put the world up. It was the aboriginal wine, all ready to be opened and quaffed by mankind, and America, in spite of the shoddy element, was not unprepared to put its lips to the sacramental cup. We hold our opportunity born of the bloody throe of the last four years. Mr. Weiss thought that there could be nothing so ineffably mean as our treatment of struggling nationalities. It is ours to say "God bless you, old Greece! God bless every man who believes that every other man has a right to share in the divine presence. We are going to stand by that young people." It was a part of our mission to stretch out a hand to all peoples that cry aloud, "I want to be a part of the United States of the world," though they be Greek, or French, Italian or Spanish.

MR. POWELL felt greatly indebted to Mr. Linton. The doctrine was good, but it would take the people a long time to see and understand it. Opposition, however, will not come so much from politicians as from the churches. Old religions associations will be upset by it, and before it can be realized there must come a new contest, a throwing off of present Protestantism, the total overthrow of *the machinery* of religion. Politicians are far more easily remoulded than priests. Mr. Linton's doctrine was, after all, but the kernel or substance of Quakerism. Quakers, more than any associated people, have upheld this ideal government of God in the human soul, and their decline is because of an ideal beyond popular conception. Nevertheless, though the doctrine is of primary importance, Mr. Powell would have had Mr. Linton state what his conduct would be when Grant and Butler are up for election. This was a practical point that ought to be elaborated. With regard to the treatment of struggling nationalities, Congress has acted as an enemy to Republicanism.

MR. LINTON said, as a foreigner, he hardly had a right to declare what he would do with regard to candidates up for election. In all probability, however, he would conduct himself here as in England, protesting against the false organization by not voting at all.

MR. POWELL observed that this was not carrying out his own theory, which expressly stipulated that no one should be permitted to abstain from taking part in public affairs.

To this MR. LINTON replied that he considered that an open, unmistakeable protest was real action in public affairs.

MR. ALCOTT asked whether the few could move the masses; to which MR. LINTON answered with the cabalistic, John Brown!

MR. ROBERT DALE OWEN thought the first part of the essay masterly, but was not prepared to agree to its later details. In the earlier portion of his Congressional experience there was not such corruption as now exists. Looking back a quarter of a century, he remembered well that there was not a member of Congress who was even accused of a willingness to accept a bribe. He did not say that there was not a certain amount of lobbying, but positive corruption there certainly was not. This could not be said of recent years. It is almost an impossibility to pass a bill through Congress without money, and if the States go on twenty-five years longer under the present régime, there will not be honesty enough to keep the body politic together. Mr. Owen could recall the time when intemperance in the West was so terribly prevalent as to cause four-fifths of all the crime. At last it became so bad that a remedy was found in total abstinence.

He was himself not a devoted adherent of total abstinence, but as the lives of the best are spent in choosing between the less of two evils, he hailed the new dogma with gratitude. Now there is not one drunkard where there were ten. Mr. Owen thought that in like manner public opinion would rise up against political corruption. There ought to be protest, but we should lose hope did we not look at the reverse of the shield. He had never expected to live to see slavery abolished, yet his eyes had beheld the impossible. What may not be foretold of the Woman's Rights movement now that conventions are being held all over the country? He could go back to the time when married women in Indiana had no right to their own property. Since then there has been the greatest progress. (Mr. Owen's modesty prevented the confession that to him is due much of the improvement in the laws of Indiana). While there is much to discourage, there is much to encourage. Now we have chosen the lesser evil. We prefer Ulysses Grant to Seymour. We want a head of police for the South. Grant does not understand nonsense and we must have safety for life and property.

MRS. CORA L. V. DANIELS was glad that Mr. Linton had left women out of his censure. While he did not want women in politics some of the friends of Woman's Rights were not disposed to wait; but for her part, she expressed her willingness that the negro should first enter the now open door, confident that he would leave it ajar for her to follow. She thought the spiritual idea was the true one, the choosing the lesser evil being wrong. We have no right to say that if we did not vote for Grant, the country would be the worse for it. Lincoln was a "lesser evil," but Johnson, the greater evil, had been a much better educator of the people. There should be protests from year to year; and women ought to do their share of the work.

After further interesting remarks from Mrs. FOSTER, who, referring to the protests of individuals against the practice of the world, said that the doctrine still held good that "the Son of Man must be lifted up;" and after many "asides" that were altogether too entertaining for publication, this nucleus of Utopia, like Macbeth's witches, vanished—

"Into the air: and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind."

"Would they had stayed!" say you?

K. F.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, February 8th, 1869.

THE women's cause is making very encouraging progress in this State, and making it in the best manner, namely; with moderation, not precipitancy—and by a wide diffusion of information respecting the reasons for seeking a change—and by a practical and sensible beginning of entrance upon that change, the choice of women, first, to those stations for which their fitness is incontestable, and in which immediate and obvious benefit may be expected from their cooperation. Thus, in Worcester, two or three women, and in Pembroke one, have been placed upon the School Committee; an example which many towns may be expected to follow. Then many people are beginning to see the advantage of placing women with men among overseers of the poor, and on the Boards of Trustees of Industrial Schools, reformatory institutions, lunatic asylums, and the like. The movement seems now proceeding in a natural and regular order of growth, and if it continues to advance in this method, the less will be the chance of reconsideration and revulsion.

The movement for the negro's rights, contrarlwise, is painfully and dangerously slow in its progress. How amazing is it that the Republicans, whose first successes against Whigs and Democrats were due to the stand they made against the pretensions of slaveholders, and whose war against the rebellion succeeded only when the colored people were invited to join in it, should now be so slow to answer the claims of justice and gratitude in behalf of those colored people! How is it that they fail to see that the *status* of the black race in this country can never be settled till it is settled *right?* and that there is no hope of peace or quietness in the land until such right settlement is effected?

It is amusing to read of the dilemma of the Legislature of New Jersey, who, after having gravely debated the grounds of an application for divorce, and proceded to grant it, had their equanimity so shaken by the sudden discovery that the parties were colored people that they attempted to reconsider the vote just taken. But there is but a step from the ridiculous to the tragic. While this piece of folly was going on in Delaware, the same shameful prejudice in Georgia took the graver form of refusal, by her Legislature, to reconsider the expulsion of their own regularly chosen colleagues, (an outrage committed merely on account of their color), and a refusal also to submit this question to the Supreme Court for decision. And in Tennessee, about the same time, a mob were burning alive an unfortunate negro, who had eloped with a white woman *at her solicitation.* While a continued uncertainty as to what *are* the rights of the colored people under our Constitution and laws gives occasion to the continuance of a system of disorder and violence throughout more than half of our country, why do not the Republican majority in Congress at once put an end to this uncertainty? Why do they not now establish justice by law and Constitution, so that, when their President shall enter upon his office, he may have nothing to do but to execute that justice?

The labor question is as difficult to settle as the finance question, and it is not strange that, in every Convention held on that subject, diverse and even opposite views find utterance; but, when the Labor Convention recently held in this city, there was a vote absolutely unanimous to adopt the following resolution, introduced by Wendell Phillips, namely:

"*Resolved*, That, from motives of public policy, and in justice to the only opportunities enjoyed by the laboring classes, we ask the opening of the Public Library at the usual hours on Sunday."

It was a pretence of those clergymen who, a year or two ago, successfully combated the proposal to open merely the Reading-room of the Public Library on Sunday afternoons and evenings, that they spoke in the interest, and at the request of the laboring class, and that that class wished for no enlargement of their present opportunities at the Public Library. The falseness of that pretence was sufficiently manifest at the time, since several laboring men, both individually and as representatives of societies, then expressed both their wish for larger opportunities at the Public Library, and their belief that the community were entitled to such accommodation on Sunday, the day of general leisure. In fact, the laboring class includes great numbers of each of these persuasions; the difference between them is that while one party upholds perfect freedom of conscience and action in things innocent or indifferent, the other seeks forcibly to restrain from the enjoyment of their tastes and their rights, all who hold a creed different from their own. The Sabbatical party, like our Puritan fathers, are trying to enforce *their creed* upon the public at large, in spite of the fact that this creed contradicts the Bible from which they pretend to have taken it.

The editor of the *Commonwealth* rejoices in the coming up of this question again, and proposes that it be still agitated until successful, especially as the trick of law by which the former effort was defeated is entirely untenable.

Our last snow was (as usual this winter) followed by rain; but, frost interposing before the snow was entirely dissolved, we have now a few days of sleighing, with the usual result of gross abuse of horses, and such furious racing on the Brighton road as to make it dangerous for men and women as well as horses. A valuable mare, the other day, had the shaft of a sleigh driven deep into her breast. There was great effusion of blood, but the injury has not yet proved fatal. It has been said that the police have orders to interfere with such furious and dangerous driving, but they do not yet put a stop to it.

The fourth Sunday afternoon lecture at Horticultural Hall was given yesterday by Rev. William J. Potter of New Bedford. His subject was "Prayer, particularly in its relation to the modern belief in law."

Prayer, he said, is a universal fact, accompanying all religions, and perhaps common to all men. It is a natural and universal utterance of human beings, not proceeding from the understanding, or the reasoning powers, but from the emotions. It is a cry for help, where human and finite strength fails. It is the soul's call upon the infinite power, drawn forth by a sense of dependence.

It is said by theoretical opposers that Theism cannot pray. As a matter of fact, however, it always has prayed, and it is not likely to cease.

The amount of public and formal prayer is diminishing, because the methods and aims of prayer are now better understood. Forms and methods may change, but the prayerful spirit will abide, since it is an essential part of the human being, conscious of limitation and dependence, and conscious also of being accessible to temptation. Prayer, indeed, being the interior desire and aspiration, is the source of all endeavor resulting in work; so that there is reason in the old saying that prayer and work should go together.

In speaking of petitions for outward things, Mr. Potter referred to the well-known claims of George Muller, founder of a great Orphan House in London, and said that the case of that charity could not be correctly understood without knowing that George Muller took the sensible course, in addition to his prayers, of sending letters all over England and Europe *describing the necessities of his establishment*, though making no formal request for help.

The power that really comes in answer to prayer is an increase of spiritual energy and life; but no form of speech can adequately describe it. We are planted in God, and growing up out of Him. God is at the root of man's being. He is within us; so that, however he may be also in the height and in the depth, we need not go there to seek him. The God that can help and deliver the soul is *in* the soul; and prayer is the effort of the soul to hold communion with him.

NORTH.

MISS PUTNAM'S WELCOME TO VIRGINIA.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MISS PUTNAM TO MISS HOLLEY.

LOTTSBURG, Va., November, 1868.

To go back to our astonishing entry into this school house, as night and day tenants, what should E—'s eyes spy and her tongue exclaim but "a James cooking stove! Such as my grandfather had!" Was n't it wonderful! An old man died near by, and at an auction sale of his effects, these lucky poor people bid off this lumbering old stove for $5! And now here it was ready to bake the sweet potatoes and boil our tea, and do most all we need with its ample oven. The fire was lighted and Mrs. Dana's tea in the pot awating. Thornton Parker took the two chickens to keep until wanted, and our bed-tick to fill with straw. Milk and sweet potatoes came back with his messenger, and every demonstration of a cordial, loving welcome made by one another of their color. Till the lamps were lighted, and then O! O! if *you* had only been here to see and hear that meeting! How they sung, and how they prayed, and how they kept coming and coming. Mothers with their babies bundled and hushed before them, (no other sign of their presence for they never made a sound); men in ragged old soldier's blue, and patches; women with queer head-geer, over white turbans which gave you an impression they all had head-ache or tooth-ache, all going round shaking hands and making low-toned ceremonious inquiries while the pathetic-voiced hymns were being chanted in tunes of which the originals could only be detected by the faintest reminiscence, so quavered and chorussed. It was ever so long before I got the slightest idea of the old familiar "Come Holy spirit, heavenly dove." Then they prayed "If Thou please O Lord, bless these ladies who have been so kind as to come a long distance to 'struct us, who have been kept in ignorance."

And then Glasglow Blackwell went to the desk with the Methodist hymn book in his hand to relieve his embarassment, and such a medley of drollery, wit, sarcasm, piety and all of it sensible to the core, in the grotesquest speech he told over their own joy at our being in their midst to help us get what them "grand villains deprived us of till some of us are so old, we are ready to drop into our graves. They told me they would break off my fingers close to my hand if they catched me with a book in it. But now our children will have this good chance and will soon be seen *doing so*" (making a gesture of writing on the table, as light and graceful as Wendell Phillip's when he told the Boston mob "I'll make my speech to these pencils) and they will have to come to our children to get their business done."

At this all the audience broke out in a low chuckle of delight at the "good time coming." "Yes" said Glasglow Blackwell "I see a little cloud yonder and it will break and drown them all!" With this vision of the triumph of justice and right to end the long-endured horrible wrong, he sat down saying, the lady desired to speak a few words to us. E— stood up and inspiration fell from her lips upon the spell-bound assembly. She told them of her strong wish to do something to help them ever since she first heard when a child of their sufferings. She told how *you* had plead through the North for them and how others had worked and been persecuted for their sakes when they knew nothing of it all.

How they bent their ears to listen to every word! Then she spoke of the practical matters of the school, proposing men and *women* for trustees, naming Thornton Parker for one. Then they went straight to the business, and in good order added Robert Paine, Henry Thompson, Margaret Ball and Morea Parker. Three men and two *women*. (The dawning civilization you see). E— begged me to say a few words. I praised them for *helping themselves*, building this spacious school-house, and now, thanks to their friends Miss H—— and Mr. Nash, the school would begin, this they did not know where or when they would be provided with a teacher. They were rich in faith and trust, and I would give them what I could of books and knowledge. Then Glasgow Blackwell proposed "three cheers for the ladies." They rose up and gave us such a curious little cheer! E—— says they learned it of the army; the way the rebels cheered when they charged with the bayonet; only this was *hushed*, as all their speaking and action is, as if they must do every thing holding their breath, the long habit of *fear*. Glasgow told us they would stand by us and take care of us, and we should be as safe as an infant in its mother's arms. Such delicate, loyal respect as all their speech told of was touching. Samuel Blackwell said if we would like it, some woman should be provided to stay the night with us. It was eleven o'clock. E—— was so full of courage she said "no, we would stay alone." They came up to us to tell how their children should begin Monday; and they too would like to get some learning at the night school, and to offer their homely, but sincere greetings at our advent among them. It was a wonderful, wonderful meeting to have in a life-time! I wish *you* of all the world had been here. It seems like something that can never be again, and I can no more give an account of it than I could paint a sun-rise.

We curtained all the windows and made our bed on the clean, new pine floor and lay down, the great tulip tree's dry leaves rustling like rain, and we to wonder, and to sleep soundly at last, till a mocking bird trilled out the break of day.

C. F. P.

LITERARY.

PICTURES FROM PRISON LIFE. An Historical Sketch of the Massachusetts State Prison: with Narratives and Incidents, and Suggestions on Discipline. By Gideon Haynes, Warden. Boston, 1869. 290 pp.

This volume is interesting as an account of the institution of which it treats, and as a record of some incidents and traits in prison life. But it is really valuable as the testimony of a man of intelligence and good judgment, after eleven years' experience as Warden, in regard to the right principles and the best methods of Prison Discipline.

On taking charge of the Prison in 1858, Mr. Haynes at once discontinued some cruel and degrading forms of punishment that were still in vogue, and substituted for them solitary confinement, *which was to cease as soon as the criminal expressed a willingness to return to his work, and promised to obey the rules.* Nothing humiliating was required of any offender as the condition of return, and the very first year showed not only an improved moral condition in the prison, but a less number of days lost from work than formerly.

Mr. Haynes thinks that the too frequent exercise of the pardoning power has a very injurious effect upon the discipline of the prison. He would have executive clemency bestowed only on those who, by good conduct, industry, and obedience, have given unmistakeable evidence of reformation, and those to whom evident injustice was done on their trial.

Solitary confinement in the dark cell has now been, for eleven years, the only punishment here for infraction of prison rules; but the Warden thinks there is a still better method, which he asks only the opportunity to try. One of the existing rules is that for every day of punishment a day is added to the original sentence. Retaining this, Mr. Haynes would also adopt the converse system, and let a man, by uniform good behavior, steadily diminish the term of his own sentence. Believing that these men inside the prison walls are not very unlike the men outside, Mr. Haynes thinks more is to be gained by leading than by driving them, and that there will be great advantage in adjusting their interest to draw in the same direction as their duty. We trust he may be allowed to try the experiment, and we heartily approve his suggestion that none but gentlemanly, humane, reliable, and *temperate* men should ever be allowed to come in contact with the prisoners, either as officers or instructors.

The Woman's Advocate for February, the table of contents of which we printed last week, is an excellent number. On our fourth page this week we present the major part of a very interesting article by Col. Richard J. Hinton upon the "Woman's Movement in Europe," to which we invite attention.

The opening article—"Two Women—A Picture," by Mrs. Caroline H. Dall gives a reminiscence of her experience in South Carolina, in which she teaches two valuable lessons. We commend it most heartily to those who fail to see the injustice of withholding equal rights from any on account of color or sex. R. W. Hume in an article entitled "The Battle of the Sexes," claims that "to reverse the present system, which has proved itself prolific of evils, it is necessary to begin at the home, and begin with the young." "The Scriptures *versus* the Woman Question" by Miss G. E. Watson, a teacher of literature in Vassar College, is an able argument to prove that the authority of the Bible may be claimed in favor of Woman. To those who have studied this question for many years, such an argument may seem trite and unnecessary; but there are many who not having yet learned the alphabet of human rights may be reached by such an appeal.

"Remembrances of Moscow," by Mary J. Safford, gives a glimpse into the educational and charitable institutions of that city. "Suffrage" by Henry B. Blackwell, "Political Justice" by Lucy Stone, and "Large Roots—Ample Fruits" by Samuel C. Blackwell, are all valuable articles.

The Advocate we are glad to learn meets with a very cordial and hearty reception from the friends of the woman's right's movement who are sending to the publisher very encouraging lists of subscribers. If it suffers no deterioration in quality, which we are assured it will not, it will be a valuable auxiliary to the cause it is established to promote, as it has thus far exceeded in circulation the most sanguine expectations of its publisher.

We shall be happy to furnish THE STANDARD and *The Advocate*, the two, to old or new subscribers, for four dollars per year.

The recent sermon delivered by Lucretia Mott on her 76th birthday on the *Religious Aspect of the Age*, at Race Street Friends' Meeting, Philadelphia, is published in *The Bond of Peace* for February, and is now ready at No. 600 Arch street, Philadelphia. 15 copies for $1,00.

RECEIVED.

CAST UP BY THE SEA. By Samuel Baker. 419 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. Edited by Mrs. Hale. 44 pp. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

LETTERS OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE. Edited by Mrs. Hale. 427 pp. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

THE FUTURE LIFE. By Mrs. Elizabeth Sweet. Introduction by Judge Edmonds. 403 pp. Boston and New York: Wm. White & Co.

FOUR PILLARS OF TEMPERANCE. By John W. Kirton. New York: National Temperance Society.

CHARLES READE'S NOVELS. Five Volumes. *White Lies; Foul Play; Never too Late to Mend; Love me Little, Love me Long; Griffith Gaunt.* Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Little & Gay.

Every Saturday. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Special Notices.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium-sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

PREMIUMS

WE will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON'S new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT ANSWER?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy reach of thousands.

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Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's Romance of the Republic, 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court, 498 pages—price $2.50.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE.

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It will also consider the questions of Woman's Work, Education, Wages and Social Status. It will record the progress of the Cause abroad, and aim to be a faithful index of all important Home Movements. A Literary Department will be maintained.

Eminent Writers will be regular Contributors, and articles (to be liberally compensated) are solicited from all friends of the Movement.

The January number contained articles from Frances Dana Gage, Lucy Stone, Frederick Douglass, Miss Kate Field, W. J. Linton, Henry B. Blackwell, Aaron M. Powell, George S. Burleigh, Rev. J. W. Chadwick and other well-known writers. For the current year, arrangements of such a character are in progress, as warrants the assurance that each number will exhibit an improvement in quality and literary excellence.

The February number contains articles from CAROLINE H. DALL, HENRY B. BLACKWELL, LUCY STONE, RICHARD J. HINTON, SAMUEL C. BLACKWELL and others.

A Prize of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS is hereby offered for the best Story bearing upon the Question; FIFTY DOLLARS for the second best, and TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the third best—the MSS. (not to exceed 100 pp., nor be less than 50 pp., of THE ADVOCATE,) to be submitted in time for award and use by June, 1869. It is hoped by the Publisher that these liberal offers will stimulate writers to a spirited competition for the prizes, and thus enable him to present some of the best serials ever offered to the public.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE will be issued every month; each number containing 48 pages, printed from new type on fine paper, and furnished to subscribers for Two Dollars a year, payable in advance. To Clubs of Four or more, One Dollar and Fifty Cents per copy. Single Copy, Twenty Cents. The postage will be Twenty-four Cents a year.

Editors of journals publishing this Prospectus, or calling attention to it editorially, will be entitled to a copy for the year by sending a marked copy to the Publisher.

All Communications to be addressed,

WILLIAM P. TOMLINSON, Publisher,
39 Nassau Street, New York.

[Subscriptions for THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE will be received, the two furnished for $4.00 per annum].

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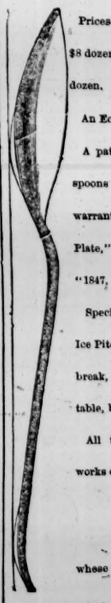

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Miscellaneous Department.

CORONATION.

At the king's gate the subtle noon
Wove filmy yellow nets of sun,
Caught in the drowsy snare too soon,
The guards slept one by one.

Through the king's gate, unquestioned then,
A beggar went, and laughed, "This brings
Me chance, at last, to see if men
Fare better, being kings."

The king sat bowed beneath his crown,
Propping his face with listless hand;
Watching the hour-glass sifting down
Too slow its shining sand.

"Poor man, what wouldst thou have of me?"
The beggar turned, and, pitying,
Replied, like one in dream, "Of thee
Nothing. I want the king."

Uprose the king, and from his head
Shook off the crown, and threw it by;
"O man, thou must have known," he said,
"A greater king than I."

Through all the gates, unquestioned then,
Went king and beggar hand in hand.
Whispered the king, "Shall I know when
Before his throne I stand?"

The beggar laughed. Free winds in haste
Were wiping from the king's hot brow
The crimson lines the crown had traced.
"This is his presence now."

At the king's gate, the crafty noon,
Unwove its yellow nets of sun;
Out of their sleep in terror soon
The guards waked one by one.

"Ho here! Ho there! Has no man seen
The king?" The cry ran to and fro.
Beggar and king, they laughed, I ween,
The laugh that freemen know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray;
The king came not. They called him dead;
And made his eldest son, one day,
Slave in his father's stead.

Atlantic Monthly for January.

THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT ABROAD.

It may be as well to notice here some of the evidences of Continental progress also. In St. Petersburg, a University for Women has been organized under Imperial patronage. Two Russian ladies have applied to the Imperial College of Medicine at the Muscovite Capital, and pending their admission, the Emperor directed a Russian Medical officer, then in the United States, to make an investigation into the education and practice of our lady physicians and report thereon. Among other institutions he visited, was the New York Infirmary for women and children, with which Dr. Blackwell and other eminent female physicians are connected. Two Russian ladies have been admitted to the Zurich (Switzerland) Medical University.* The Woman's Educational Movement in Prussia, so far as it connects itself with the University of Petersburg, rests with the proposition to establish in that institution, Professorships or "Faculties" of History, of Philology and of the Natural Sciences for the benefit of Woman.

Madam De Gall is now lecturing in Paris, on all medical topics, and her classes are quite well attended. Recently the Minister of Public Instruction permitted a French woman to graduate at Lyons, provided she practiced medicine only in Algeria, from whence she came. There are many other evidences of the breaking away of the barriers, but they need not now be referred to.

Society is slowly learning the truth of Madame Sirault's warning: "Every career from which woman is steadily repulsed by man is, by this fact alone, marked with the seal of death. The very repulse stigmatises it. Man may not be conscious of what he does, but the career which is too vile for women to enter, has already outlived all chance of reform, and must perish with its abuses.

This pregnant paragraph is fit introduction to such reference as will be made to the political aspects of the English agitation. If Politics are too corrupt for women to think and act upon, then it is at once evident that the State itself is corrupted through the continued exercise of political power even by the male citizens thereof. Though those English women, who placed their names on the registration lists, and succeeded in passing the Revising Barristers, were ultimately stricken off by the decision of a Puisne Judge, still the result of that effort, and the very general interest it proved to exist among the women themselves, made the Movement a great success. The chief rebutting reason presented by the learned Judge against resumption of their electoral rights by female property-holders was, that they had permitted them to remain so long in abeyance, as to have caused them to lapse entirely.

Several curiously interesting historical facts were brought out during the discussion before the various Revising Barristers, and in the press, pending the decision on the right of the registration. Among other things was the undenied statement that ladies of title had formerly occupied seats in the House of Lords, when they were entitled as peers in their own right, or when their lords were dead and the heirs were in their nonage. They also held the office of high sheriff, (which must be filled by one possessed of the electoral qualification) and other similar dignities. It has also been stated that the same investigations tend to show that the Parliaments were originally founded on the idea of universal suffrage, the manifestation of which was the "showing of hands"—a custom in England which now would be more "honored in the breach that in the observance"—as it is an utterly useless and generally disgraceful ceremony.

There could not have been less than twenty thousand applications made for registration by women possessing every requisite qualification, (except sex), for the exercise of suffrage, which the British law requires. But Privilege—sick man of Europe though it is—is still too strongly entrenched in Great Britain to yield at the first assault in this direction. Nearly six thousand women applied for registration in Manchester; as many more in Lambeth; a large number in other Metropolitan boroughs, and some persons in the majority of boroughs in England and Scotland. The movement is sure to succeed. It has the logic of the English system in its favor. That requires a property qualification for the franchise. Many women have that, and the general legal interpretation of the word "Man" has always been deemed inclusive of both sexes. It strains the rule and precedent to decide otherwise, simply because the case is that of a demand for the right to vote.

During the recent election in Great Britain many ladies took an active part in the canvassing. Mr. Bernal Osborne was frank enough to affirm at Nottingham that the efforts of his opponent's wife largely contributed to his own defeat. Active among these lady politicians was Lady Amberly, Earl Russel's daughter-in-law, and known favorably in America. She is said to have spoken from the hustings, where Lord Amberly was a candidate.

In Manchester eight women, whose names by accident were left on the Registry, voted at the late election. Eight others, freeholders, voted in south-east Lancashire. At Ashford, East Kent, fifteen out of thirty-five who were registered, recorded their votes. In Finsbury the same number also went to the polls. In Dublin one woman, and at Leicester three women voted.

The First Annual Report of the Manchester National Society for Woman Suffrage, speaks hopefully of the progress of the Movement, though conceding that a mistake was made in carrying an appeal from the adverse decision of a Revising Barrister to the Court of Common Pleas, where the appeal was morally certain to be thrown out contemptuously. The Judges were hardly respectful in their treatment of the case. The Executive Committee have since determined to make a direct attack on Parliament. Circulars were sent to all candidates at the recent general election, informing them that a bill would be offered in the Reformed Parliament placing woman on the same footing politically as man, and asking what action they would take on it. At the last advices over one hundred letters had been received, of which fifty-three were favorable. The Edinburgh Committee have also received favorable answers from many of the Members from Scotland.

It is quite common among even well informed persons to suppose that the right of suffrage is nowhere possessed, in representative forms of Government, by women. The only general exception to this belief would be the case of the British Australian colony of Victoria, where, as most persons are aware, the right of suffrage is now possessed by women. They universally assumed the right there some four years ago, having found that the law had, probably inadvertently, been so framed as to permit them. It works admirably, according to all reports.

In Sweden, chiefly through the exertions of the late Fredericka Bremer, an indirect right of voting was, in 1862, granted to all women possessing specified property qualifications. In 1865, by the passage of the Swedish Reform Bill, the election of members of the Upper Chamber was given to organized county and municipal bodies. In the election of these latter, unmarried women and widows, possessed of an annual income of four hundred rix-dollars and over, are allowed to vote.

By the Fifteenth Article of the Italian Code, a widow or wife, separated from her husband, who pays taxes, is allowed to vote through such child or other relative as she may designate.

In Holland, widows and single women possessed of property, are entitled to vote on all questions of taxation, etc., likely to affect its value. Mr. Blackwell, of New Jersey, stated at the recent New England Convention that a lady from Holland, now visiting here, was required before leaving to designate some fit person to represent that property franchise during her absence.

In 1867, Moravia granted the franchise to all widows who pay taxes.

In many towns of France women possess and exercise the right to vote in municipal affairs, and in one of them, Mrs. C. H. Dall states in her valuable work, "The College, the Market, and the Court," (to which we are indebted for many facts)—the entire council was recently composed wholly of women.

In Austria women can vote as nobles; in their corporate capacity as nuns, and as tax-payers. In some cases, however, they vote by proxy. It does not speak well for the genuine liberalism of the Magyar revolutionists, when it is known that up to 1848, widows and single women, who were landed proprietors, possessed the right to vote. They were deprived of it by the revolutionary government, and they are now petitioning in large numbers for the restoration of this right.

In Canada, as in several of our own States, women are allowed to vote for, and serve as, school trustees. In Pitcairn's Island—inhabited by a community descended from the Mutineers of the *Bounty*, the government, which is based on a written Constitution, is shared on equal terms by men and women alike.

This rapid *resume* of the position of the Woman's Movement, both in Great Britian and elsewhere, cannot be more appropriately closed than with the eloquent words of the writer of the article in the *Westminster Review* on the "Property of Married Women:"

"We hail the movement which has brought us thus far as a promising sign of the times, for it surely indicates the growth of a truer and wiser conception of the destiny of woman than has hitherto prevailed among us. As we know of a past in which she was destitute of any recognized right, so we may hope for a future in which she will be endowed with all the privileges justly pertaining to her as the equal counterpart of man in the social organism. The great and immediate work of our generation is to realize that future—to elevate women, the *slave*, into Woman, the *citizen*, and to place her in a position of perfect freedom and independence, in which alone she can attain to the full and harmonious development of her essentially noble nature as a moral, intellectual and active being."—*Col. Richard J. Hinton—The Woman's Advocate for February.*

THE SKY.

Resplendent sky, abyss of light,
Shoreless, immense!
Through all thy glory bright
Shineth Omnipotence;
Within thy pathless vast,
Footsteps of God are fast;
Thy radiance mantles many worlds,
A flower paints, a dewdrop pearls;
Thy flames are piercing many a heart
With lifeful, hopeful, joyful dart;
Thy wondrous glows
For time, for aye,
For sense, soul's day,
No mortal knows!

Agatha Ernest.

ROSA.

Rosa, our kitchen maid, is eighteen, graceful and trim, and hardly less black than Jacob. She wears dangling ear-rings set with blue glass stones, and a bright pink frock which fits her as neatly as a French grisette's. She had only been with us a week or two when Sylvia came into the parlor where we were all sitting.

"What do you think Rosa wants to do?" she said, laughingly. "Actually she desires to come into the parlor and play for us. She says she can sing, and that she plays the organ in the colored Methodist Church."

We all cried out let her come in, and in a few minutes, quite radiant and self-conscious, Rosa tripped in to the piano. She struck a few fine rolling chords, and then began to sing. We all started in amazement. Pure and clear and full of melody, her voice soared like a lark's, and overflowed the room with its volume. We had expected to be amused, but we were dumb with astonishment.

Kate, whose delicate soul finds expression at the piano, but whose voice is hardly strong enough for vocal expression, flushed and trembled with delight as Rosa sang, and, when she ended, murmured with a sigh, almost of envy, "O, if I had a voice like that!"

Next day I questioned our black swan about her advantages for cultivation. Her father and mother, with their three daughters, had been slaves till 1863. They had had a kind master, and were never sold apart. After becoming free, the parents had put the three girls in school, and now they could read and write, and her father had hired a piano, and all had learned to play a little. Rosa and her second sister "lived out," but the youngest, only eleven, was still in school.

"We shall make a teacher of my little sister," said Rosa, complacently, as she told me all this.

"But how did you learn to play and sing so well?" I asked.

"O, I took a few lessons, but I get it mostly by ear. But you ought to hear my next sister play and sing. She can sing splendid; I'm nothing alongside of her."

"But where do you get your style, Rosa? who taught you to sing in the way you do?"

"Well, I've listened to white folks' singing, and two or three times I've been to an opera, and heard ladies sing there. I bet you I listened close. And after that I could just imitate them, every motion." It must have been true, for no uncultured voice could have executed a song as Rosa does.—*Atlantic Monthly for February.*

Nothing Leaves Us as It Found Us.—If a sheet of paper on which a key has been laid, be exposed for some minutes to the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key being removed, a fading spectre of the key will be visible. Let this paper be put aside for many months, where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the spectre of the key will again appear. This is equally true of our minds. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture or landscape we see, every word or tone we hear, leaves it image on the brain. These traces, which under ordinary circumstances are invisible never fade, but in the intense light of cerebral excitement, start into prominence, just as the spectre image of the key started into sight on the application of heat. It is thus with all the influences to which we are subjected.

WEIGHING THE BABY.

How many pounds does the baby weigh;
Baby who came but a month ago;
How many pounds from the growing curl
To the rosy point of the restless toe?

Grandfather ties the kerchief knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
And carefully over his glasses peers,
To read the record—"only eight."

Softly the echo goes around,
The father laughs at the tiny girl;
The fair young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smooths the golden curl.

And stooping above the precious thing,
Nestles a kiss within a prayer;
Murmuring softly, "Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the helpless one;
Nobody weighed the threads of care,
From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth
Of a little baby's quiet breath,
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient and faithful unto death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weights there be
That could avail. God only knows
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul,
That seeks no angel's silver wing,
But shrines it in this human guise
Within so fair and small a thing.

Oh, mother, laugh your merry note,
Be gay and glad, but don't forget
From baby's eyes looks out a soul
That claims a home in Eden yet.

MAZZINI ON ENGLAND.

Signor Mazzini has written a letter to a Glasgow gentleman, who had asked him to appeal to the British nation on behalf of Spain, "now threatened with anarchy through the intrigues of surrounding despots, who will not agree to a constitutional monarchy, nor permit the establishment of a republic." M. Mazzini, after acknowledging the receipt of £100 sent to him through Mrs. Chambers, which sum, he says, will be applied "partly to the relief of our prisoners in Rome, partly to the furtherance of our national aim—our metropolis, our natural frontiers, and true liberty, which we have not," goes on to say, "I cannot find time for what you wish concerning Spain; but even if I could I fear I would not do it, because I feel despairing about any influence to be exercised on your country by any possible appeal. A few chosen individuals excepted, your nation is not alive to the sacredness and to the necessity of an international policy, which I might say would not be understood." M. Mazzini further writes: "Your Manchester school taught men the worship of material interests, and—among your best, John Bright—summed up Britain's programme in the words 'Perish Savoy' rather than front a material sacrifice for England. Your Lord Palmerston shrugged his shoulders at Louis Napoleon's interference in Rome. Your statesmen, your official representatives, kept silent before the reenthronement of the Pope through foreign bayonets; and the recent second French interference did not elicit from them, while we were bleeding at Mentana, a single word of reproof. You allowed, spite of your promises, Denmark to be crushed by Austria and Prussia. Should Spain be invaded by a Bonapartist army for the sake of putting down a Republican government, your Cabinet would stand unmoved—exactly as Canning's Cabinet.

Failing Eyes.—Persons suffering from dyspepsia, or any other malady, must take care of their eyes. Any disease impairs the strength, and the nervous system is depressed; and when laboring under this form of depression the eye is particularly liable to become weak. The reason of this is, that of the ten nerves which go off from the brain, six are distributed wholly, and the other four partially, to the eye. Through the great sympathetic nerve, the disturbed stomach or liver or intestines, communicate with telegraphic speed with the brain, and so with the eye. The first advice to be given with reference to the comfortable use of the eyes undoubtedly is to keep the intestines and liver and stomach in a healthy condition; in other words, do every thing to confirm the general health. If this be impaired do not read, and especially do not write long, without giving the eye rest. The great remedy for an eye whose disease depends upon the nerve, and not the muscle, is rest! rest! rest!

Mazzini.—The Italian Democratic leader, has published a manifesto against any further undertakings of a violent insurrectionary character to annex the Papal States to the Kingdom of Italy. "We want Rome," he says; "but we know that its liberation cannot proceed from the fraction of a party, but must be the work of a national enterprise. Let us then resolutely, openly reject every attempt like those already made. Rome will surrender herself to Milan, Palermo, Genoa, Naples, Turin, Bologna, and Florence." This is good advice, and does credit to the common sense of the great conspirator and agitator]

Punctuality.—After much torturing experience I come to this, that nine in ten do not know the value of time, nor the morality of a promise. Why is not an engagement to meet me at nine o'clock as sacred as any bond? Why is not the understanding that a church service or a lecture commences at the given hour, an acceptance on your part, if you go, of an agreement, and why are you not false to it by your tardiness, and why are you not a bad friend because of all the little miseries your infidelity entails? The world, intercourse, affection, great affairs, little details are cursed; prosperity, temper, character, life jeopardied, lost by want of punctuality. Unpunctual people are everywhere and everything encourages them. It is taken for granted that nothing will be "on time," and so everybody holds off to insure it.

The first ten minutes of a religious service are apt to be as martyrdom to preacher and punctual people. There ought to be some contrivance by which the tardy shall be made as uncomfortable as they, and then we might hope for a change. But in this world it too much happens that a comfortable stolidity possesses the sinner, specially if his sin be fashionable, and the sufferings come upon those who must take their comfort out in doing their duty.—*J. F. W. Ware.*

Herr Wagner, the inventor of "The Music of the Future," has published in a German paper a curious account of an interview he once had with Rossini. He says that Rossini expressed to him his regret that he had not been born and educated in Germany, where he seemed to think that there were much greater opportunities for a composer than in Italy. "*J'avais de la facilité,*" he said, "*et peut être j'aurais pu arriver à quelque chose.*"

Italy, he added, was not in his time the place for any serious musical work; all the higher kinds of music, operas especially, were violently put down, and people would endure nothing but trifles. He had unconsciously been influenced by this tendency in his youth, when he was obliged to try his hand at everything to obtain a living. When he afterwards saw the error of his ways it was already too late, as he was too old to go through the necessary labor. "He hoped, therefore, that earnest spirits would not judge him too severely; he did not claim to be regarded as a hero."

German Novels.—The story of the success of the German novelist, Fritz Reuter, is as wonderful as anything in the history of literature. He is not far from fifty years of age, and had never published a book seven years ago. Up to that time he had lived in abject poverty, giving lessons at the rate of five or ten cents each, and wandering about the small towns of Mecklenburg and Pomerania. He is now one of the most popular writers in Germany. His last novel, "The Montagues and Capulets of Germany," sold on the day of its publication to the number of 13,000, which is equivalent to a sale of seven times that number in this country. His stories have been translated into other languages, and his copyrights have made him a rich man, so that he has built himself a beautiful villa near Eisenach, in full view of Luther's famous Wartburg.

A Horse's Petition to his Driver.—Up the hill, whip me not; down the hill, hurry me not; in the stable, forget me not; of hay and corn, rob me not; of clean water, stint me not; with sponge and brush, neglect me not; of soft dry bed, deprive me not; if sick or cold, chill me not; with bit and reins, oh! jerk me not; and when you are angry, strike me not.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

A HYMN.

The dove let loose from eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.

But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadows dim her way.

So grant me Lord from every snare
And stain of passion free,
Aloft through faith's serener air
To urge my course to Thee!

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul as home she springs,
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings!

Thomas Moore.

SAVINGS OF THE COLORED PEOPLE.

We have received the January number of *The National Savings Bank*, published monthly in Washington city, which gives a very interesting statement of the savings of the colored people up to December 1st, 1868, through the agency of the trust fund companies instituted since the war in the South. The figures show that in twenty-four branches of the freedmen's savings bank—all located in the Southern States, except one in New York city—the aggregate savings of the colored people have been $932,889 for eleven months, up to December 1st, 1868, against $556,673 for the same period in the previous year—an increase of $376,216. The total number of depositors is 9,000. The branch at Washington shows the largest aggregate deposits and increase. On December 1st, 1867, the deposits in the Washington concern were $48,959, and on December 1st, instant, they were nearly doubled, footing up $115,495. The increase at Baltimore was nearly in the same ratio; the previous year's deposits amounted to $46,771, and this year they stand $74,238. At Beaufort, South Carolina, the increase was from $48,818 to $77,739. At Memphis the advance was from $18,673 to $32,793. Figures like these, showing nearly a million dollars already saved by nine thousand persons, hitherto almost wholly unacquainted with money, speak better than words, and give point to the moral of that solid independence founded upon an account in the bank.—*N. C. Standard.*

Victor Hugo, says *The Star* of the 12th, has written to a Greek gentleman, M. Canellopoulo, one of those peculiar, short letters of his, in which he does not so much state a thought as communicate an impulse. The cause of Crete, he tells his correspondent, is the cause of Greece, and the cause of Greece is the cause of Europe. Diplomacy is nothing less than the ruse of princes in opposition to the logic of God. But, at the right time, God will prevail. For himself, the great Frenchman says, he is but an obstinate voice, lost in the triumphal tumult of successful iniquities. But, what matters? Heard or not he shall not weary; Greece may count on him.

All the Difference.—It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous.

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Report of U. S. Commissioner, T. W. Evans, M. D., Member of the Jury of the Universal Exposition, to the United States. William H. Seward, Secretary, Department of State. To wit:

Dr. Hudson has received from the Imperial Commission a Bronze Medal and Diploma, for the limbs sent by him, which have been particularly admired, and are in execution unquestionably the most remarkable in the Exposition." (The only Limbs which had the award of the Medal.)

TESTIMONIAL OF THE

CONFERENCE

OF THE

INTERNATIONAL SANITARY COMMISSION

At the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867.

"In the name of the Conference of Associations for the Relief of Wounded Soldiers and Sailors,

"I have the honor to inform you that a Medal has been awarded to you, by the Assembly of Delegates at the Distinguished Seance of the 31st of August, 1867—for the services which you have rendered to the cause of Universal Humanity.

Paris, September 9th, 1868.

Count Serurier,
Commissioner General of the International Exposition, } President of the Conference.

Count G. de Chabouly, } General Secretaries.
T. Gauvity. }

To Monsieur Hudson."

E. D. HUDSON, M D., 696 Broadway, N. Y.

Specialty of Mechanical Surgery, and Artificial Legs and Arms.

21—tf

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